

NEWSAGENTS.

Next week's issue is the Double Whitsun Number. It will be published ONE DAY EARLIER than usual, that is, on Wednesday instead of Thursday, and will contain the opening chapters of a new serial entitled, "A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN."

PEARSON'S

— £2.000 —

Free Insurance.



WEEKLY.

N. 1140.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING MAY 23, 1912.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

When you dine you'll find it fine.

HOE'S SAUCE

With cold meats, tinned and potted meats,
and cheese, Hoe's Sauce is a real necessity.

The following important Report appeared in a
recent issue of

The Daily Chronicle.

CHEESEMAKING AS A SCIENCE.

Interesting information concerning cheeses, of which there are 156 kinds made in various countries, was given by Mr. A. Brewer, a member of the Institute of Hygiene, in a lecture on "Cheese and Cheesemaking," at the Battersea Polytechnic.

Mr. Brewer described in detail the various processes in the making of cheese, and the methods of testing the condition of the finished product. As an example of what is known as "hard" cheese, he cited Canadian Cheddar, and in the forefront of the "soft" category he placed St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. The great dietetic value of the last named was, he said, due to its purity and the fact that it contains an abundance of the organic phosphates.

The makers had achieved a great success, for they had produced a cheese which, owing to the rapid action of the special culture used, converted the curd into a cheese ready for the consumer. He hoped that the community would soon awaken to the great advantages of cheese generally as a substitute for flesh foods, and of this cheese in particular, which had a health value peculiar to itself.

St. IVEL

LACTIC CHEESE

"The Pride of The West Countrie."

"MIDDLES."

The Competitor's Mutual Society, who have helped thousands of people to win prizes, have **Removed their Business to Larger Premises.** A staff of Resident Experts has been appointed with a man at the head receiving a salary of £200 a Year. Free Cash Bonuses are offered, and Free Gifts to all joining.

NO CHARGE FOR EFFORTS. PAY WHEN YOU WIN.

SEND IN STAMP FOR TWO SPECIAL EFFORTS (any paper) and we will guarantee you to receive two as good as any you will pay for, or 1s. for, and **LIBELY WINNERS.**

Address — Superintendent, Competitor's Mutual Society, 25 North Row Without, Beverley, Yorks.



FREE — ABSOLUTELY FREE! This beautiful 18-ct. Gold Filled Signet Ring Free to introduce new catalogues. Send name, address, and P.O. for 10d. for engraving initial and postage. Two initial intertwined monogram, 1s. 6d. — **MRS. A. MAYES** Strand, London.

WIN PRIZES

by getting your "Middles" from the advertiser who has had most successes in Pearson's Weekly Competitions previously. Here are a few of those won by clients with efforts, supplied by me:—

- 417. Miss E. L., 10 Frederick St., Victoria.
 - 425. T. L., 125 Victoria Street, Birkenhead.
 - 416. J. G. B., King's Road, Chelsea.
 - 410. Mrs. W. R., East Liss, Hants; etc., etc.
- Four lines of fact are worth forty pages of empty boasting, and the above details are positive proof that my efforts will win again in this paper. Let me try for you. A monthly subscription of 3s. (for two brilliant Specials weekly) cannot break you, and it may bring a small fortune as it has done for so many others.
- I guarantee Exclusives to every client, and supply no free efforts duplicated wholesale. **MIDDLES, Finals, etc., 4 for 1s.** **Prize-Winning Specials: 2 for 1s., 8 for 3s.** **Monthly terms: 2 weekly, 3s.; 4 weekly, 5s. 6d.**

Enclose sufficient stamped addresses. 10 per cent. commission on prizes over £1.

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Road, PECKHAM.

BOON TO WEAK MEN. — Nervous and Physical Weakness, Lack of Vigour, Varicocoele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps. — **P. J. MURRAY, 125 Bish Hoopers, London, W.C.**

VARICOCELE. — Every man suffering from Varicocoele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for this remarkable and describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps. — **E. M. MORSON, 39 & 40 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.**

MARGATE. — The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Margate, Kent. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms. — **Apply Managers.**

ASTROLOGY. — Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Marriages, Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O. — **Prof. Gould, Clare House, Whitechurch Road, Cardiff.**

1913 CYCLE TYRES and Accessories. Prices for 25 days only: Cavers 3/-, Tubes 1/-, Alar Dunlop, Palmer, Lists free. — **Garton, Manufacturer, Wolverhampton.**

STAMP FREE. — Grand set 9 Brazil. Send 1d. postage, mention Gift C. 117. 25s. Kd. "A.B.C." priced Catalogue for 1912, 350 pages, 5,000 illus., 2/10. — **Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.**

DRUGGISTS GUED. — Quickly, secretly, permanently, harmless, cost trifling. Trial free privately. — **Carlton Chemical Co., 505, Birmingham.**

BEST CARS direct from factory on approval: carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the £; cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free. — **Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 52), Coventry.**

C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL Widow Welch's Female Pills. Prompt and reliable for Ladies. The only **AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT** at the Tasmanian Exhibition, 1891. 100 Years Reputation. Ordered by specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in boxes, 1/1 and 2/6, of all Chemists, or post free 1/2 and 2/10 from **CATHERINE KEARSLEY** (Dept. P.W.), 42 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS, and when writing to advertisers mention "Pearson's Weekly."

NATIONAL INSURANCE for WOMEN Best insurance against ill-health is a box of the world-renowned

BLANCHARD'S PILLS

For a number of years, thousands of women have relied upon them as a sure and certain cure for Biliousness, Constipation, Nervousness, and all irregularities; they are the best medicine known to Medical Science to-day. A special 1/1 box may be obtained at Boots, and all Chemists, or on receipt of Postal Order direct from **Leah Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 24 Dalston Lane, London.**

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS." — A popular and practical treatise on the laws governing life, with Special Chapters on General Weakness, Loss of Vital Force, and practical observations on Marriage. Valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost. A valuable, instructive, and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Break-down, and Loss of Power in Men. — **Send sealed on receipt of a penny stamp, by Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary Bradford Yorks.**

BURNS' RECITALS. "Genuine Rich Tickers," size 6d. order, post free, including "Thanks." — **Publ'rs, 110 Colborne Road, London, W.**

WEAK MEN. send for my two Books, **FREE.** — **Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gatehead-on-Tyne.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently and painlessly removed, 2/- P.O. — **Ruth Manning, 4 Duke Street, Adelphi.**

BOOTS. — Save nearly 50% buying Factory direct. **ARTHUR WATTS, Write for List, prices, etc., British Boot Co., 25 Portland Square, Bristol.**

SMALL GARDENS. — Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/-, post free, from A. E. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SUITS TAILORED TO MEASURE 2/- to 4/- — Patterns, price lists, and measurement form on application. Lined Men's Working Trousers, 3/-; Boys' Sailor Suits, first sizes, 2/1 and 3/6. Wonderful value. — **James Leathley, Tailoring Dept. 29, Arnhem, Leeds.**

BLUSHING CURED. — Doctor's famous recipe 1/- order. Testimonials. — **H. Stevens (Box 2), 71 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.**

FITNESS

James of all ages. Why not write for my Free Book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing **NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc.** Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps. Mention this paper. **A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., London, W.C. Established 25 years.**

ALWAYS ASK FOR ZIG-ZAG BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

TO LADIES!

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value. They afford relief in every instance, frequently in a few hours. They cure female Weakness and Irregularities, are safe, sure, and speedy. Far superior to Steel, Tansy, etc., and all similar preparations. Prices: 1s. 3d. and (triple quantity) 2s. 6d., extra strong, 4s. 6d. Post Free in plain wrapper.

Direct from **Lady Managers, The I.R.S. Co. (Dept. G.), 145 Stockwell Road, London.**

MIDDLE 1st PRIZE WON

ETIQUETTE—UNDERTAKER'S

The above "Middle" won the 1st prize for this particular competition, dated May 2nd, 1912, supplied by **HAROLD THOMPSON**. This client does not wish his name published, but gives me permission to inquire.

I AM THE ONLY ADVERTISER IN A "MIDDLES" 1st PRIZE FOR ANY WHEN OTHER SOLUTIONISTS CANNOT FIND THEIR APPARENTLY EXTRAORDINARY FOR PROOFS! LOOK FOR PROOFS! TOO PLEASED TO PUBLISH DETAILS OF THEM, TAKE IT FROM ME. FOR FULL PARTICULARS AND WINS IN

SIMPLETS HEADS OR TAILS QUIPS and FINALS

see this week's issue of Answers. If you have not the time or inclination to solve for yourself, or if you are with other "solutionists" so-called, the man "DOWN SOUTH" and least ONE capable and honest advertiser.

TERMS:

"MIDDLES" (or any other) **WINNING SPECIALS** equivalent to 2 for 1s.; 4 for 1s. 6d. Monthly Specials weekly, 3s.; 4 weekly, 5s. Quarterly terms on application. 10 per cent. on wins over £1. Stamped for single orders; 4 for monthly.

HAROLD THOMPSON EXMOUTH.

(SUFFICIENT ADDRESS)

"DON'T DRUG!"

NATURE'S MESSAGE TO WEAK PEOPLE.

If you suffer from any vital or functional weakness, don't put drugs into your stomach! Many medicines in use at the present time are poisons. They stimulate or deaden. They don't CURE. There are a great many more drug wrecks than alcoholic wrecks. No one can deny it. We offer the only natural remedy for all weak men and women — **Electricity.** Electricity, as applied by the Pulvermacher Battery, cures once and for all **Lost Vitality, Varicocoele and all allied disorders, Rheumatism in any form, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Female Complaints, &c.**

THE PULVERMACHER BATTERY BELT

does not bother you a bit; you can work, ride, jump, or run with it on.

Mr. J. Moffat, of Crockett Rd., near Dumfries, N.B., writes: "Dear Sir,—In November last I purchased one of your Combined Bands for a weak back, indigestion, and rheumatism. I was suffering severely with weakness and faintness, which had afflicted me for three years. You will be pleased to hear that the very first week I wore your appliance I got relief. The doctor says I was suffering from rheumatism in my back and indigestion, which was so bad that I suffered after each meal, and between my meals I used to feel faint and weak in my legs, so that I could scarcely walk. I am now like a new man altogether, and I owe much to my friend who advised me to try you. Wishing you every success and many thanks. I am, yours truly, Signed, 'J. Moffat'."

Isn't that enough to break the prejudice of sceptics? Letters like it are received at our offices every day, and they come from everywhere. The Pulvermacher Battery Belt has received testimonials from the leading physicians of NINE London Hospitals, over fifty members of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and physicians to Royalty, both in this country and on the Continent of Europe.

"Guide to Health and Strength"—FREE.

Cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will send you Pulvermacher's Book on Curative Electricity, which tells you how to cure yourself in your own home without the aid of drugs. It contains a vast number of testimonials from people who suffered from a wide variety of diseases, but who are now enjoying the best of health. Don't delay. Write to-day.

PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE Ltd., 271 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 6.



Patronised by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the R of Pearson's Weekly, 23/12. On receipt of P.O. to us we will forward direct from our Looms to you 5/6 address one of our REVERSIBLE "PRUDENTIAL" REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUIN.

REPEAT ORDERS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL PALACE STOCKHOLM.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.



suitable for Drawing room, Bedroom, &c., and ordered in Thirty-Two fashionable self-shades of Greens, Blues, and Art to suit all requirements, and to cover any ordinary-sized Carpets, with

FREE RUG

will be sent out as thus showing the identical supply in all sizes. They of material equal to wool, a speciality of our own.



Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., POST FREE if mentioning "Pearson's Weekly" when writing. N.B.—Foreign orders executed, packed free, and shipped by air. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Cheques and P.O. to **F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, WOODSLEY RD** Importers, and Merchants.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

Why is a
Tailor
like a
Tin-tack?
(See page 1141.)

No. 1140.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 23, 1912.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

THE CONTEST THAT
WILL PAY FOR YOUR
SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

£1,375

ALREADY AWARDED FOR MIDDLES.

ANOTHER BIG
MIDDLES PRIZE-LIST
ANNOUNCED BELOW.

As a result of "Middles" No. 10, the grand total awarded in these contests is now £1,375 15s. This week's winners in Contest No. 10 divide £153 7s., which allows £76 13s. 6d. for the first prize winner, and £37 13s. 6d. for the second. The remainder of the prize-money, £39, is awarded in prizes of 10s. each.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS DIVIDE £153 7s.

You will find the names and addresses of the winners at the foot of this page. Look out for next week's prize-list.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a sentence or phrase of two words (called a "Middle"), which shall have some bearing on the chosen word. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter of the word you choose, and the second with any of the letters in that word, or you may use the middle letter as initial of both words of your "Middle." In the list of words the middle letter is in heavier type.

For instance, suppose you take the word "DENTIST," the centre letter of which is "T." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and say "N" for the second, and we get "TOUCHES NERVE." Or, again, take the word "GOURMANDS," the centre letter of which is "M." We choose "M" as the other letter and get "MANY MEALS."

WORDS FOR "MIDDLES."

The following is the list from which you must choose a word for your "Middles"

this week:

POSTMAN
INGENIOUS
ACADEMY
FLOWERS
LAP
STYLISH
COURTESY

DENTIST
CHEEK
UNCLE
WHITEN
COTTAGE
TELEGRAMS
FAILURE

INDIGESTION
ROMANCE
SOCCES
DRAPEES
TONIO
PERFUME
CAREFUL

CONTINENTAL
PATCH
TESTIMONY
GUARD
GERMANY
GOURMANDS
LIGHT

SWERT
TASTE
ADDRESS
HEADACHES
WELSHES
PROFITS
HARSH

CRICET
STATE
FANCY
MANNING
FRAISE
RURAL
FACTS

Below you will find two entry forms for "Middles." You are at liberty to use one or both. If you decide to use one, send a postal order for sixpence; if you use both entry forms you must send a shilling. You may send two "Middles" on each entry form.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
5. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 14," in the top left-hand corner.
6. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, May 23rd.
7. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.
8. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "A/C." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
9. Of the amount received (after deducting 10 per cent.) one half will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, this half will be divided amongst all such senders.
10. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
11. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
12. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
13. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 14.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 14.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 10.

1st PRIZE, £76 13s. 6d.

The first prize of £76 13s. 6d. has been won by:

ROBERT MCPHAIL,
107 Bellevue Road,
Edinburgh.

whose "Middle" read as follows:

JUGGLER: Gaping Rustics.

2nd PRIZE, £37 13s. 6d.

The second prize of £37 13s. 6d. has been awarded to:

T. C. MORIARTY,
28 Colville Square,
Bayswater, W.

who submitted the following "Middle"

USELESS: LAUDATORY EPITAPHS.

78 PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Alms, F. S. Glenasmole, Manor Street, Brantree.
Alms, J. 11 Tray Street, King Street, Plymouth.
Bly, V. (Sad), North Surrey School, Anerley.
Bacon, P. 5 Fortune Terrace, Rickmansworth.
Boor, C. 10 North Street, Newcastle, Staffs.
Bradish, W. H. Strandfield, Wexford, Ireland.
Bridgwood, J. 45 Spettiswoode Road, Edinburgh.

Brown, W. L. 22 Wardale Crescent, Edinburgh.
Burns, Mrs. I. 57 Dagmar Street, Belfast.
Butler, Mrs. F. Nottingham Road, Borrowash, Derby.
Butler, Mrs. H. Sub Rosa, Aubrey Road, Birmingham.
Cookson, Miss H. L. 60 Barnsley Street, Wigan.
Cooper, J. M. Bridge House, Bonnybridge.
Craig, W. D. 37 Kewassey Street, Portsmouth.
Donmall, D. 121 Club Gardens Road, Sheffield.
Doyle, C. 157 Clonliffe Road, Dublin.
Edwards, A. 93 Kingston Road, Birmingham.
Edwards, E. 55 Woodside Road, Liverpool.
Emaley, Miss L. 185 Walmer Street, Rusholme, Manchester.
Evans, H. Lloyd Street, Whitworth, Rochdale.
Farrand, S. M. 23 Marsden Road, Southampton.
Forster, G. Chilton Road, Stockbridge, Hants.
Gordon, Mrs. S. 34 Molinsburn Street, Springburn, Glasgow.
Grange, C. W. 5 Alexandra Crescent, Blyth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Gray, C. 15 Donegal Square South, Belfast.
Hamphreys, J. W. Loddington, Tugby, Leicester.
Harris, A. 60 South Street, Exeter.
Haskins, H. J. 95 High Street, Belmont, Bolton.
Henderson, J. Steyning, Sussex.
Hunter, C. 11 Carnegie Street, Edinburgh.
Hunter, Miss J. 54 Bury New Road, Whitefield, Manchester.
Kirkham, J. 16 Clarendon Road, Morecambe.
Korn, P. O.H.O.S. Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire.
Laid, D. 30 Olive Place, Penarth, S. Wales.
Langford, Miss A. 77 Cartland Road, Haswell, Birmingham.
Langridge, R. Ham Hill, Snodland, Rochester.
Latham, T. N. 31 Alma Terrace, Fulford Road, York.
Lyons, R. H. 11 Mauldeth Road, Withington, Manchester.
MacIntyre, J. 6 Canal Street, Perth.
McKenzie, C. 43 The Vineyard, Richmond, Surrey.
Macmahon, J. Dagh Mills, Miltown, Malbay, Co. Clare.

Matthews, J. H. 25 Shipston Road, Stratford-on-Avon.
Meade, P. Maynooth College, Ireland.
Merrett, H. H. 71 Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.
Merrett, M. Birdlip, Gloucester.
Mustchin, A. 89 Portland Road, Hove, Brighton.
Offord, L. R. 19 Holland Road, Willersden.
Oliver, Miss E. 226 Salisbury Terrace, Gatehead-on-Tyne.
Orth, Miss E. Flat 11, 115 Gt. Titchfield Street.
Pollard, T. 3 Bartholomews, Brighton.
Potter, Mrs. 152 King Henry's Road, Hampstead.
Rabbeta, W. W. 23 Pennmen Terrace, Swansea.
Richards, J. A. 22 Haughton Road, Handsworth, S.A.
Roberts, G. A. 3 Lily Terrace, Marsh Road, Rhyl.
Rocco, Miss P. W. 18 Alexandra Road, Birkenhead.
Russell, J. 30 Millar Terrace, Rutherglen, Glasgow.
See, Sergt. A. H. R.M.L.I. Bks., Chatham.
Shade, Miss M. E. The Rectory, Bruff, Co. Limerick.
Shearer, Miss K. R. 21 Montgonerie Terrace, Ardrossan.
Skinner, M. Queen Street Mills, Basley, W. Yorks.
Slingsby, H. 47 Duxbury Road, Leicester.
Spalding, A. R.A.M. College, Millbank.
Steele, Mrs. A. 1 Woodbine Villas, Caterham Valley.
Stones, E. Westville, West Road, Peckedown, Bournemouth.
Torbett, Miss A. A. 58 Bonheim Street, Hull.
Taylor, H. J. 39 St. Clements Road, Nicholls, Birmingham.
Walker, L. 116 Durban Road, Grimsby.
Walker, G. R. Park View, Station Road, Ashley Dava, Bristol.
Walters, A. Lynton, Imperial Avenue, Shirley, Hants.
Watson, G. 87 Hunsbourne Road, Frinton Hill.
Watson, S. 19 Dixon Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
White, C. E. 26 Croppings Park, Garberron.
Why, A. W. G. 25 Gordon Road, Portlady, Sussex.
Williams, E. J. 81 Dale Street, Liverpool.
Wills, R. 26 Beech Grove Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Woodhouse, W. J. 23 Fort Street, Bantam, N. Devon.

Money, Watches, Blue Bird Brooches, Stylo Pens, and Sealing-Wax Sets offered in this week's fortnite.

A Batch of Personals

LESS DANGEROUS.

DR. GREENFELL, of Labrador, who, it will be remembered, told readers of P.W. some interesting stories of his life, when he was in London last year, is back in town again.

Talking of his work recently, he remarked that he had found life out in Labrador no more dangerous than life in London. "It isn't so dangerous," he added; "there are no dinner parties!"

LIKE A PARROT.

At a meeting in aid of his Cripples' Homes at Alton the other day Sir William Treloar mentioned that it was very easy for a Lord Mayor of London to get into touch with the Cabinet during his year of office.

"They slap you on the back," he said, "and call you 'old fellow,' but after your year of office is over, if you meet them in Pall Mall they don't know you."

If one is not mistaken it was Lady Treloar who told us about a parrot she had called "The Cabinet Minister."

"Why do you call him that?" she was asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "because he talks so much and laughs at his own speeches!"

TOO BUSY.

MR. PETT RIDGE paid a visit with Sir William to the homes at Alton some time ago, and he afterwards told a funny little story of an incident that happened during lunch.

A heavy downpour of rain came on.

"Dear me, Lizzie," Sir William remarked to the little maid who was waiting at table, "it is almost like the Flood."

"The Flood, sir?" repeated Lizzie inquiringly. "What Flood?"

"Yes, the Flood; Noah, you know, and Mount Ararat," Sir William explained.

The little maid was still at sea, however. "I never have time to read the newspapers," she explained apologetically.

A PUZZLER.

THE excellent suggestion has been made that as Signor Marconi's great invention has done so much to make life safer at sea, the next great liner launched should be called the *Marconi*. It is to be hoped that the White Star Line or the Cunard Line will bear this suggestion in mind when they launch their next leviathan.

A story comes from the United States of a negro who was greatly puzzled by the wireless system of telegraphy.

"Mistah Jenkins," he asked his employer, "would yo' be so good, sah, as to explain to me 'bout this wireless telegraph business I hears 'em a-talkin' 'bout?"

"Certainly, Henry," was the reply, "though I can do so only in a very general way as I don't know much about the technical details myself. The main idea, however, is that the messages are sent through the air instead of over wires."

"Yassah," said Henry, "I knows 'bout dat; but, sah, what beats me is how dey fastens the air to the poles!"

CUTE.

In his new book, "The Surgeon's Log," Mr. J. Johnston Abraham tells of an amusing adventure at Port Said. He was driving in the town one afternoon, and as they drew near one house the strains of music came echoing into the empty, sandy street.

"As if at a signal," says Mr. Abraham, the decrepit chariot stood still, my guide got down, and suggested I should go in. I thought rapidly, and then followed him. It was queer, and I wanted to know. He led the way upstairs into a large room where several men were playing roulette. None took any notice of me, but apparently the bank was having a very bad time of it. Everybody was winning. The music from the automatic piano was deafening. I looked on silently for some time and then made a move for the door. An oily-looking Greek intercepted me.

"Won't you try your luck?" he said.

"No, I'm not drunk enough," I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders and I passed out. On the stairs I paused and then stole quietly back. The music had ceased, and all the confederates,

who had been playing so feverishly, and winning so much, had ceased also, and were preparing to resume the siesta my advent had so fruitlessly interrupted.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MR. F. R. BENSON, the famous actor, who as usual took a prominent part in the recent Shakespeare celebrations, is one of the keenest athletes on the stage, and this fact, which is well known in theatrical circles, once led to a curious mistake.

During a provincial tour one of his company was called away, and as this left vacant the part of Rugby in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mr. Benson hurriedly wired to a young actor in London: "Can you play Rugby. If so, come at once."

Back came the reply: "Will arrive at four. Played half-back for Stratford."

A DEAL.

THEATRICAL horse races are usually far more striking when seen on the poster than they are on the stage, but the new production at Drury Lane, *Ben-Hur*, has a horse race—or rather a chariot race—scene that surpasses anything of the kind that has ever before been attempted. It lasts, too, much longer than the usual stage horse race, and as a "sensation," it will take a lot of beating even by Mr. Arthur Collins, that master of stage sensations, who is responsible for the whole production.

Appropos of the *Ben-Hur* chariot race, Mr. Collins tells a story of a horse that had been entered for a private match. Unluckily it broke a leg, and before the news could leak out its owner sought his opponent.

"Look here," he said, "my horse is a bit queer and may not be able to run. I don't say it won't; I still think it can beat yours. But, all the same, what do you say? I hand over half the stake to be off with the race?"

"All right!" said the other. "Done with you."

The money was paid over. And then the first owner said cheerfully: "Well, old man, I don't mind telling you now that I've got out of this business pretty cheaply. My horse has broken his leg."

"Oh, is that all?" said the other, no less cheerfully. "Mine's dead!"

BITTER.

ANOTHER story is told by Mr. Collins to illustrate the bitter feud between the hero and the villain of *Ben-Hur*.

"They are as bitter," he says, "as Jackson and Dickens, who are deadly rivals. One day these two met."

"Said Jackson: 'A man told me to-day that he thought I was related to you. I told him that if you had a single drop of my blood in your veins, I'd cut it out.'"

"And if I had," said Dickens, "I'd let you."

A CURE.

"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" (the pen-name of a well-known Irish clergyman) has just published another book dealing with Irish life. Some of his Irish stories are capital. For instance, he tells of an Irish veterinary surgeon who sent in his bill in the following terms: "To curing your honour's mule till it died—10s."

A MISTAKE.

ANOTHER of Mr. Birmingham's stories is based on a mistake in pronunciation. An Englishman travelling in Ireland had some important business in hand and was anxious to know when his letters would be delivered.

"What mails are there here?" he asked.

"Three, yer honour," replied the Irish waiter; "breakfast, dinner, and tea."

LUCKY.

WOOD NORTON, the famous estate which the Duke of Orleans has sold, has been the home of foreign royalties for over half a century. After he lost the crown of France, Louis-Philippe lived there, and there is a funny story told of his meeting with an old publican after his return.

The man stood by the roadside and bowed to the ex-King.

"Who are you, my man?" he asked. "I seem to know your face. Were you here when I lived here before?"

"Please, your Royal Highness, I kept the 'Crown.'"

"Did you, indeed!" exclaimed the ex-King. "That's more than I could do!"

Give it Up?

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. The famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for a paragraph used. If there is more than one paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first. The half-crown prize this week is won by Mr. R. H. Brown, The Beeches, Honor Oak Rise, S.E.

WHY NOT?

"THE notice said 'Collar Studs,' and I got collar 'em," explained the prisoner to the magistrate.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THE dumb man saw a wheel and spoke.

THE deaf man saw a flock and herd.

THE blind man possessed a plane and saw.

NOTHING MORE.

"THERE isn't very much to eat," said the Eskimo hostess, as she handed a candle to a guest. "just light refreshments."

CHORTLES' PERVERTED PROVERBS.

UNEASY lies the head that needs a haircut. Never put off till to-morrow those whom you can do to-day.

In the midst of life we are in debt. Beggars should never be boozers—but they are.

QUITE TRUE.

2 goes into 1, 6 times, and leaves 10. The statement may seem absurd, but it can be accounted for.

See below.

WHEN A MAN'S NOT A MAN.

WHEN hunting—he's afield.

When on sea—he's aboard.

When cycling—he's a wheel.

When sleeping—he's abed.

When out of place—he's amiss.

Every morning—he's a-shaving.

JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

Two cyclists, A and B, decide to ride to a place twelve miles away. A said he would do both journeys at a uniform rate of ten miles an hour. B said he would go there at eight miles an hour, and return at twelve miles.

Would their return be simultaneous or not?

Solution below.

ANOTHER ONE.

HERE is another cryptic message.

GENTLEMEN—PAID BY U UR GBS & C THE RRRA RR

OF B WILL B LOO KED

See if you can puzzle it out; if you are unable to do so, look below for the solution.

THIS WEEK'S QUEER LIMERICK.

A SUFFRAGETTE preaching in Leicester
Defied a big crowd to moleicester,
Large muscled, she huscled,
And buscled, and tuscled,
Till the Force had perforce to arrester.

THE VERY LATEST.

FIRST GENT.: "Hallo, old boy, how are you feeling?"

Second Gent.: "Oh, I'm middling."

First Gent.: "What are you doing?"

Second Gent.: "Middling."

First Gent.: "What's that?"

Second Gent. (producing P.W.): "I'm a first prize winner."

Solutions.

QUITE TRUE.

Two men visit a restaurant six times and pay the amount of their bill.

JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

No. "A takes 2½ hours. B takes 2½ hours. B arrives home first."

ANOTHER ONE.

THE answer is, "Gentlemen, the question before you is underpaid overtime, and after your (UR) (GBS) (D B 8 in G) on it, the underground overseers' (looked into) of bonus (B on US) will be looked into."

I hope that your new spring suit was not delayed by the tailors' strike! Read on.



Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

THE INVENTION.

"I WAS readin' the other day," said Pincher thoughtfully, "that it's only about one in a hundred inventions that are patented which prove a success, an' that in the books at the Patent Office, there's drawin's an' particulars of inventions wot

might have been drawn an' set out by lunatics in their spare time."

The little man had certainly been patient. He had by a superhuman effort managed to remain silent for a quarter of an hour, so I trust the manuscript on one side and produced what Pincher called "creature comforts."

"You have some particular invention in mind, I suppose?"

"I have," said Pincher grimly, as he mixed himself a whiskey and soda. "The invention I have in mind, an' ain't never likely to forget, is a motor-car invented by Bill Emmens."

"You see, he had brought off several fairish hauls, an' was lyin' low for a bit, as a pretty good description of him was flyin' round various parts of the country, an' he wasn't out for trouble if he could help it."

"Well, I suppose he found time hangin' heavily on his hands, so to speak, an' that set his brain workin' on a thing that had always been his hobby; anyway, he came into my diggin's one night as excited as a kid with a new toy, an' said as how he'd invented an' manufactured a new type of motor-car."

"Well, wot of it?" I says, short like, for I'd had a very disappointin' day, an' it made me mad to think that whilst I was workin' bloomin' hard an' takin' all the risks of the profession, Bill, wot always had all the luck, was amusin' himself messin' about with machinery."

"It's goin' to make my fortune," says Bill, "an' I'm goin' to be a honest man, leas'tways, as honest as most business men. My car is just the thing that's been wanted for years. I've made it round at a pal's workshop—engineer he is—an' him an' me are goin' to stand in over this."

"I suppose you mean he made it whilst you messed about?" I said.

"Bill looked hurt. "It's my design," he said, "an' I'm goin' to have it patented. My pal did some of the work under my directions, him bein' an expert, an' me only an amateur, but we've got it finished, an' I want you to come for a trial run to-morrow."

"Why don't your pal go?" I said, suspicious. "He can't leave his business," says Bill, "besides, I'd sooner have you. I thought we might run down to Portsmouth an' back. That would be a good test."

"Well, guv'nor, I'm not one to refuse any free entertainment, an' whilst I was doubtful about Bill's put of the work, I thought his pal, bein' a practical man, would have seen that everythin' was all right, so I said I'd come."

"My pal's works are at Tootin'," says Bill, an' gave me the address, "you be there at nine o'clock an' wear an' overcoat an' get a pair of goggles. I'm goin' to show you wot my machine can do, my lad."

"Well, we had a friendly glass, guv'nor, just as you an' me might be doin' now if you was to open that other bottle of whiskey—I'll get the corkscrew—here's luck—an' I agreed to be there at nine, my lodgings at the time bein' in South London an' quite handy. Then Bill went off home an' I went out an' bought a pair of goggles for a couple of shillin', wishin' I'd pinched the pair I'd seen on the seat of a motor-car in Regent Street that afternoon, so as to have saved the money."

"Well, I can't say that I expected to see a wonderfully smart-lookin' car, but when I got to Bill's pal's workshop an' found 'em bendin' over wot looked like a big perambulator mounted on part of a couple of

Bill, I had a shock. "There she is!" says Bill, very proud.

"So I see," says I, an' examined the thing more

closely, whilst they both jabbered a lot of stuff I didn't understand. It seemed that the idea was that a small petrol engine would keep on windin' up a rum-lookin' arrangement of clockwork which would run the machine at a big pace at a very small cost an' be wonderfully light."

"Well, guv'nor, in theory it sounded all right, but the thing didn't look substantial like, still, Bill seemed to know wot he was talkin' about, an' his pal said it was the greatest invention of the age, so I put on my goggles, an' Bill put on his, an' we ran the bloomin' thing out into the street."

"In you get," says Bill, "you'll sit nice an' comfortable behind me."

"Well, his idea of nice an' comfortable didn't agree with mine, but I got in an' sat on a cushion an' stretched out my legs as far as the bloomin' thing would allow them to go."

"How do you start it?" I says, an' Bill said it was easy enough, he only had to turn a handle, but he turned it several times whilst quite a crowd got round us, an' I thought Bill was goin' to kill the man wot



"The bobby jumped on one side just in time, an' then blew his whistle."

said it was the funniest barrel organ he'd ever seen, an' w'en he made some allusion to a monkey in goggles sittin' inside I wished he had."

"Well, at last there was a bang wot nearly made me jump out of the bloomin' thing, then a rare rattlin' row, Bill nipped into his seat an' takin' the wheel, touched a lever."

"Now we're off," he says, an' we were, like a shot from a gun. I was glad to see the man with the nasty tongue was among those we knocked down, then Bill checked her a bit, an' we got round a corner an' on to the main road."

"There's power for you!" he says, lookin' a bit pale, but tryin' to make me think he started off so sudden on purpose."

"Yes," I says, "there's plenty of power, but you'll oblige me by rememberin' as how you're in Tootin', an' not on Brooklands track."

"But Bill was too busy to take any notice; there was a lot of traffic about, an' I could see he'd got all his work cut out to avoid it, an' reckon that if it hadn't been for other people bein' in a hurry to get out of our way an' not leavin' anythin' to chance we'd have struck a lot of trouble before we got clear of London, an' just after leavin' Esher, Bill stopped the box of tricks an' said he was goin' to have a drink."

"When we came out of the pub he gave a start."

"Blowed if I ain't forgotten my driving license!" he says.

"Well, wot of it?" says I.

"I might want it," he says, "if we was to have a accident or anythin' I should have to produce it. Perhaps we'd better go back for it."

"I told him that if he really thought he'd need the license he could go back for it alone, an' start the trip again on his own as I wasn't exactly hankerin' after a few weeks in hospital."

"Oh, there's no danger!" he says hasty, "an' I don't feel like goin' back, so we'll risk it."

"Feelin' sorter uncomfortable I got in, the engine started up all right this time, an' after Bill had persuaded his blanked invention that it was bound for Portsmouth, an' not for the saloon bar of the pub, we got goin' again."

"At Byfleet we had a sorter argument with a motor cyclist as to how much room we wanted to pass an' we won, but the bloomin' cyclist very near landed on me as he was comin' to earth again."

"Now we're movin'!" shouts Bill, as we got near to Ripley, 'doin' every bit of forty miles an hour."

"If he'd said sixty I should have believed him, for the bloomin' thing was swayin' from side to side, an' I felt that all my bones were rattlin'."

"Ease her up!" I shouts, but Bill was fair balmy for pace, an' he would not listen. A copper jumped out into the road, an' I saw he was holdin' a watch in one hand while he signalled to us stop with the other, an' it was clear we'd run into a police trap."

"I never knew whether it was that Bill wouldn't or couldn't stop, but the bobby just jumped on one side in time, an' then blew his whistle; the blanked machine was makin' the most horrible noises you ever heard, an' I held tight, feelin' certain that I'd be pitched out at any moment."

"We flashed past a mounted bobby, who yelled to us to stop, an' Bill laughed, fair reckless he was, enjoyin' hisself, which was more than I was, then all of a sudden the blanked machine began to slow down with a lot of poppin' an' creakin' of springs."

"Then I heard the mounted bobby thunderin' along behind us."

"Let her rip," I says, "the copper's catchin' us up."

"From wot Bill had to say as he fumbled about with a lot of levers, I knew somethin' must have gone wrong, an' then somethin' snapped an' he came to a sudden stop just as the bobby came ridin' up."

"Where's your license?" he says to Bill, no doubt takin' him for a escaped lunatic, as he had every right to, an' Bill had to explain that he'd left it at home. He couldn't so easily explain why he hadn't stopped, an' w'en another bobby came up he was arrested for drivin' to the public danger, an' three of us had to push the blanked machine to the nearest garage in Guildford, which was nearly a mile away; then they took poor old Bill, who'd got very eloquent, off to the police-station."

"I'd just enough money on me to have a bit of grub an' pay my fare back home, an' bloomin' glad I was to find myself safe in my lodgings."

"The unfortunate part for Bill was that the inspector recognised him as the man wanted in connection with a midnight visit to a house in the neighbourhood, so he got a month, an' his license endorsed for his motorin' offence, an' was then committed to the sessions for the other little affair."

"Two years he got for that, an' I believe his invention is still in the garage. I know Bill hadn't the heart to go for it w'en he came out."

(Another of Pincher's Yarns Next Week.)

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. A list of the latest winners appears on page iii. of the red cover. So remember to

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

NEW SHORT SERIAL, "A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN,"

Starts next week in our **DOUBLE WHITSUN HOLIDAY NUMBER.**

"Swivel-eyed Joe"



A Very
Human
Little Love
Story.



By JAMES SHERLIKER.

WHEN the news travelled round that Joe—"Swivel-eyed Joe"—had "set his cap" at Mary Hackett there was not a single worker in the factory that did not burst out laughing.

"Wot! Joe? Swivvy! 'Ere, 'ere. Brandy—quick, afore Ah faint."

That's the way Mary's brother Bill took it. He added, in language much more forcible than Parliamentary, that the first time he caught Joe "angin' round" the girl, Joe's relatives could apply for his insurance money.

"Ah know Ahm wed," he retorted, when reminded of the fact that he was somewhat out of it thereby. "Ah know Ahm wed. But Mary's mi sister, wed or single, an', by gad, I'll see she doesn't get 'itched oop to a fellow wi' a face like a—like a—"

He glanced round the "hands," his look inviting a word sufficiently expressive for the occasion.

"Y' mean a face like a flattened kipper," somebody called.

"That'll do, anyway, for the present," said Bill. "But yo'll need a fresh description for it when Ah've finished with it."

Which threat, duly exaggerated to meet the novelty and the justice of the case, was promptly delivered to Joe as he smoked an after-dinner pipe on the coal heap by the factory boiler fires.

Joe received the ultimatum without comment, which was perhaps just as well. He had expected opposition. He was not a fighting man in any sense of the term, and he had learnt from experience that it was best and safest in ninety-nine per cent. of cases to treat an insulter as he deserved to be treated—with a wordless contempt.

Perhaps this decision was partly due to the fact that he had a perfect, if painful, knowledge of his natural shortcomings. He never forgot that he was knock-kneed, that the squint in his right eye, which had led to the nickname, "swivel-eye," was as bad as it could be. He was well aware, too, that a man who is a bobbin-carrier at seventeen shillings a week could not reasonably expect to attract the respect and admiration of the opposite sex.

Added to this was his height, or rather, I ought to say, the lack of it. He stood five feet two inches, and not a hair's breadth more. One arm was much longer than the other, and he was constantly being reminded that in the remote past his father had spent some years in a lunatic asylum.

But love defies most things, and Joe, swivel-eyed though he be, had really had hopes that in time he might create a favourable impression on Mary Hackett. He let it be known among her friends that he had bought the cottage in which he lived, and that by dint of careful housekeeping he had a little money at the bank.

Mary received the announcement with a shriek, as was to be expected. She was reputed to be the prettiest girl in the district, and it was not likely, her chums said, that she was going to "throw herself away on a seventeen bob a week chap, five feet two, badly formed, wi' a squint eye, and 'oose father spent several years in a lunatic asylum."

"Ah should think not," said Mary indignantly. "Ah'd like to know where 'e gets 'is cheek from. Ah could do with a bit myself. If Ah'd a quarter 'is impudence Ah should get on."

Joe did not altogether lose heart, however—not, at least, for some time. He went on his way, carrying his bobbins from the carding room to the spinning mules, and scoured his brain for some means whereby he could overcome Mary's prejudice against him. He even went to the lengths of endeavouring to gain the confidences of her brother Bill by offering to lend him money to re-stock his pigeon-coop when some valuable birds did not come home.

Bill almost accepted the offer, and would have done so but for the fact that his pals at the factory had they heard of it would have made his life a misery. So he calmly threatened to break Joe's neck where he stood for making the offer, and turned on his heel.

Next Joe sent flowers to Mary, but when he heard that they were tied to her looms, together with the figure of a wooden doll with one eye labelled, "Swivel-eyed Joe," he concluded that efforts in this direction were not likely to meet with the success he desired. Then he stopped her mother in the street, but retreated with a stinging face, and a reminder that there were "some things which human naythur could not stand." Joe understood, from the directness of the remark, that he was one of them.

Occasionally of an evening, when he would be sitting smoking by his fireside and looking at Mary's

face in the flames, there was a knock on the door and a note would fall through the letter-flap.

"Cum at once. I luv yo.—MARY HACKETT."

Joe actually went round on the first occasion only to have the door slammed in his face.

After this such forgeries were ignored with as lofty a scorn as he was capable of displaying. Then came the following:

"There was a young man with a squint,
Of money he bragged he'd a mint,
But if I catch him round,
He'll be off with a bound,
And 'is face will be callin' for lint."

This was signed, "Yours trewly, Bill Hackett." Joe consigned it to the fire, and did his best to forget it. As the weeks went by and the insulting notes grew in number and fierceness it slowly became evident that if something did not happen the town would soon be too warm for him. He discontinued all attempts either to see Mary or her relatives, and decided once and for all to drop the business altogether. But the Hacketts were not satisfied with this, and within a very short time Joe was running a blockade of withering sarcasm on his way to and from the factory and most of the time he was in it.

Then the unexpected happened.

One evening, when Mary Hackett and her brothers and sisters were sitting at tea, there was a business-like knock at the door, and a smartly dressed young man in frock coat and silk hat inquired if they could tell him the address of Mr. Joseph Spriggs. The Hacketts looked hard at the young man, and then at one another.

"Swivel-eyed Joe he means," Mrs. Hackett said.

"Is 'e a bobbin'-carrier, young fella?"

"I believe that is his occupation, madam."

"'As 'e a squint?"

"That I couldn't say. I have never seen the gentleman."

"Was 'is father in a lunatic asylum?" Mary Hackett inquired with a titter.

The young man took from his pocket an official-looking envelope and extracted from it a blue sheet of paper which he glanced over for a few seconds.

"I have no information as regards that, miss," he said. "I am simply concerned with Mr. Spriggs' great uncle and himself. The great uncle has died

NEXT WEEK
DOUBLE
Whitsuntide Holiday Number
PRICE 2d.

in Canada without making a will, and Mr. Joseph Spriggs looks like becoming one of the richest men in the county."

Mary Hackett's jaw dropped. An unusual gravity settled on the mother's face.

"Wot's that, young fella? Isn't there some mistake? Didn't know Joe 'ad any moneyed relations. Did yo', Mary?"

Mary shook her head. There was a curious, dreamy expression in her eyes. She stopped eating and got up.

"No, I never 'eard of 'em."

"I don't suppose Mr. Spriggs has, but there it is. He looks like becoming wealthy. He's the next of kin. I only wish I was in his shoes. As it is, I am the clerk to the solicitor who has charge of the case, and nothing more."

"Well," said Mrs. Hackett slowly, "Joe's certainly the only mon o' the name o' Spriggs that I know round 'ere. But—"

"From what I am given to understand," the visitor put in, "Mr. Spriggs is a bachelor of about between thirty and forty."

"Yes," Mary said. The young man had turned from the mother and was addressing his remarks to the girl.

"And," he went on, "I believe he is about to marry!"

Silence.

"The young lady's name is—let me see, now. Let me see."

He turned over the blue pages quickly to refresh his memory. Mary shot a look charged with meaning in the direction of her mother, who was raising her fist threateningly at young Wilf, as he confided in lip language to his younger sisters that the gent was asking after "Swivvy-eye."

Mrs. Hackett understood.

"Scuse me, sir," she inquired, meekly, "was the name 'Ackett'?"

"That's it, Hackett—Miss Hackett!"

Without another word, Mrs. Hackett led him to the door, and pointed out the way to Joe's cottage. She returned to the room with her face all shining.

"If yo' breathe a word about this to ennybody," she said, addressing young Wilf, "Ah'll kill ya—Mary!"

The girl followed her mother upstairs to the bedroom. Exactly what took place there I am not, of course, in a position to say, but from a report given out next day in the street by young Wilf, who caught half-way up the stairs to listen, it would appear that the conference was interrupted at frequent intervals by outbursts of weeping. He heard his mother remark several times that she was a widow, that she had done her best for her children, and that Joe had his good points, as "ev'rybody that's fair-minded'll admit." Money was not to be despised, and with regard to Joe's unhappy expression, well, "e was as God med" 'im.

"Catch ennybody mindin' 'is affliction when they 'ear 'e's 'ad money left 'im," said Mrs. Hackett. "Lasses are too wide fer that sort o' thing. Joe'll bi snapped oop in a twinklin'. Ah should never fergive misel' if Ah didn't advise yo' as Ah think proper at a time like this. It's mi duty as a mother."

"B-but yo'-vo've insulted 'im. Yo'-vo've smacked 'is face!" sobbed Mary. "An' Ah've bin rude to 'im."

"Misunderstandin'!" retorted Mrs. Hackett. "Joe knows as ev'rybody done their best to pizen us against 'im. Things can be explained in two jiffs. Ah'll see Bill an' tell 'im not to let 'is silly tongue wag so mooch."

Twice Mrs. Hackett came downstairs, once to say that if anyone called for Mary she was out, and once for pen, ink, and paper.

"A letter's best," she whispered, locking the bedroom door. "If yo' went round yo' might feel a bit flummoxed. Say yo'll be glad to see 'im if 'e'll cum in to a bit o' supper."

Mary carefully wrote out the invitation, her mother the while leaning over her shoulder to make suggestions.

"DEAR MR. SPRIGGS,—Me and my mother would like to explaine somethin in reference to the nasty way the nayburs as bin pizenin us against yo. Pleece cum to supper as we don't think it fair. (Sined) MARY HACKETT."

"Mrs. HACKETT (N)."

"(Her mark.)"

They sent the note round, and whilst Mary bathed her reddened eyes Mrs. Hackett ran out to the corner shop for a little tinned beef and a few biscuits. The younger children were packed off to bed early, and about nine o'clock the table was laid.

Five minutes passed. Mrs. Hackett quietly opened the door and peeped out, but Joe was not in sight. Mary threw another piece of coal on the fire.

At ten minutes after the hour Mrs. Hackett looked out again.

"Funny," she muttered. "Ah know Joe doesn't like to be oop late. Thowt' e'd 'ave bin 'ere long since."

"'Appon 'e was out?" Mary suggested.

"'Appen."

A third time she approached the door, and as she did so a small boy appeared from the shadows and handed her an envelope. She tore it open. The note inside was in Joe's handwriting.

"Thanks! Ah've plenty of supper of mi own."

—Yours trewly,

Mary let the poker drop.

"Any answer?" the messenger called.

Mrs. Hackett slammed the door.

Joe is still single, and he intends to remain so. He says that the sovereign he paid the solicitor's clerk for spinning the yarn about the "fortune" that was not left him, was money well spent. It brought the Hacketts to their knees and brought him a letter which means peace. Twice Bill Hackett has demanded its return, but Joe knows its value, and he grins.

"Ah've framed it," he says.

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES.

Thurs., May 16.
Wives are wonderful things. Every man should have at least one, as a matter of education.

Fri., May 17.
It is not what a woman does, but what she is, that a man loves and finds lovable.

Sat., May 18.
It is always better to conciliate the female sex. A kind word to a woman is like apples to a guinea-pig or nuts to a parrot; it induces pleasure and a willingness to serve.

Sun., May 19.
A man's business is to specialise on the woman he loves and study her. If he really loves her, that will keep him busy for the rest of his life.

Mon., May 20.
A woman should never try to explain—either herself or anything else.

Tues., May 21.
Men have more temptations than women because they know where to look for them.

Wed., May 22.
There is no fool like the peacemaker who interferes between husband and wife.

£740 for a Season's Cricket.

What the Australian Sportsmen will make per Man while they are Over in England.

ALTHOUGH the actual figures are kept very dark, it is not difficult to arrive at an approximate estimate of what the Australian cricketers make out of touring in this country.

The sum is about £700 per man. This figure is based upon the estimates of the Board of Control for the 1909 Australian cricket tour in England.

For that tour the Board of Control estimated the Australians' share of the gate and other receipts from matches at £18,000. Six thousand pounds of that amount was to be put aside for travelling, hotel, and other expenses, and the remainder to be divided among the players at the discretion of the Board.

How nearly these estimates worked out in the end one does not know, but, assuming that they were pretty near the mark and that the same system is adhered to this trip, the balance-sheet of the tour must be, roughly, as follows:

Income—£18,000.
Expenditure—Expenses of tour, £6,000; to Board's funds, say, £1,000—£7,000.
Balance divided among fifteen players, £11,000.

What English Cricketers Make.

Thus, if financial expectations were realised, each player pocketed over £700 clear on his four months' cricket. Truly, there are many worse ways of earning a living than by being a first-class "amateur" cricketer in Australia!

It is, apparently, far better than playing the game professionally in England. The ordinary county player here is lucky if he clears £150 to £175 on his summer's work, while English players chosen to go abroad by the M.C.C. receive a fee of £300.

In the days before the Board of Control stepped in and took command of the finances, the Australians seem to have made rather more out of coming to England than they do now.

Writing in the NATIONAL REVIEW some years back, Sir Home Gordon, the great cricket authority, said that "It is no secret that the Australians consider that each member of their touring side should receive nearer £800 than £600."

How very near the truth these remarks were is shown by extracts from the balance-sheet of the 1896 Australian-England trip. The balance-sheet was only issued privately to those intimately connected with the tour and was supposed to be guarded with the utmost jealousy. The SYDNEY HERALD, however, brought off something of a journalistic scoop by getting hold of a copy of the balance-sheet and publishing it.

£213 Spent in Tips.

The Australians' share of receipts in 1896 was £13,614 16s. 4d., the expenses on the tour £3,229 7s. 5d. That alone left over £740 for each man of the team, and the profits made on the exhibition games played in America, New Zealand, and Tasmania must have covered the £80 that every member of the side was mulcted in for "personal expenses" on the tour.

How the £3,229 7s. 5d. expenses of the tour was made up is interesting.

Fourteen first-class return-tickets, Sydney to London and back cost £1,670 10s. Travelling about from town to town in England meant £327 9s. 1d. Hotel, ground, and other tips swallowed up the quite considerable item of £213 9s. 3d. Umpires' fees ran away with £156, and the Australian scorer earned £53 11s. Evidently, however, the team met with a great deal of hospitality, for the tour's lunches and other refreshments only cost £79 10s. 8d.

Whether the present team, without such gate-attracting names as Clem Hill, Victor Trumper, Dr. H. V. Hordern, Vernon Ransford, and Cotter in it and with the South Africans as rivals for public patronage, will do so well financially as some of its predecessors, remains to be seen.

Unless the summer is a very disappointing one, and the many new players in the side unable to rise to the occasion, however, it is probable that each of the Australians will go back five to seven hundred pounds richer than when he arrived.

"Did you say your husband was out looking for work?"

"No; I believe he's out looking at work. There are some men digging a hole down at the corner, and he doesn't seem able to get any farther."

HOW TO KILL QUEENS.

KILL every queen wasp and burn or destroy every wasp's nest you come across. The glorious summer of 1911 has left its legacy to 1912 in the shape of queen wasps. At Hythe, in Kent, a penny was offered for every queen wasp handed over to the officers of the District Council. Over 5,000 were captured! This, mind you, in a comparatively small district.

It is better to kill the queen wasps than to destroy the nests. Every queen wasp killed means one less nest this year and a score or so next summer. Not only that, but the death of a queen wasp means that as many as 20,000 wasps will not come into the world.

An ordinary butterfly net is an excellent thing with which to catch Mrs. Wasp. Remember, by the way, that it is the Mrs. that stings. Mr. Wasp is quite a harmless fellow that way. But it is useless killing ordinary stray wasps. The queen or the nest, nothing less! The queen, by the way, may be distinguished by her size.

There are dozens of ways of wiping out the nest. A thing to remember is to destroy the nest as soon as you find it. Every day sees an increase in population so that the longer the delay the worse the plague becomes. Never attempt to destroy it in the day, for many of the wasps will be away from home and a lot of your labour will be lost.

Cyanide of potassium or carbide of calcium are the best things to use, though any acid with strong fumes, or even turpentine or paraffin will do, if it can easily be poured into the nest. Don't forget to cover the entrance over with a sod of turf. Next morning you can go and dig out the nest. Don't forget to kill all the grubs, however!

When digging out the nest you will find it a wise precaution to take a can of boiling water with you to destroy any wasps that may only be in a state of stupor.

WHY IS A TAILOR LIKE A TIN-TACK?

£5 for Best Answer. 25 Consolation Prizes.

HERE is a novel contest which should interest and amuse you. All you have to do is to answer the funny question given above, "Why is a tailor like a tin-tack?" in not more than twelve words. Every reader may exercise his ingenuity in this competition.

Now is your opportunity to win a £5 note. Never mind if the tailors are on strike. Remember it is a striking answer that will win.

An answer, which must not be used, might read:—"Because the nearer you get to him the more you *oh!* (owe)."

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write your answer on the entry form below and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta St., London, W.C.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. Mark your envelope "TAILOR" on the top-left-hand corner, and post your attempts to arrive not later than Thursday, May 23rd.
5. To the sender of the answer considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie, this prize will be divided. In addition 25 consolation prizes will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
3. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM.

TAILOR CONTEST.

Why is a tailor like a tin-tack?

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed

Address

BADGES FOR BANDITS.

Most Criminal Gangs have some Sign or Badge by which Members Shall Know Each Other.

THE motor-car bandits, of whom the late Bonnot was the chief, marked their houses of refuge by blue paint of a particular hue. They probably borrowed the idea from the abominable gang which terrorised north-western France for the three years, 1905-1907.

Strangely enough, this gang was known as the "Chaufeurs," not because they had anything to do with motor-cars, but for the reason that their favourite method of forcing their victims to confess where money was hidden was to hold the soles of their feet over a lamp or lighted candle. *Chaufeur* is French for "to heat."

Over a thousand crimes, including fifty-two brutal murders and about five hundred burglaries, were committed by the "Chaufeurs" before they were at last run to ground.

Their organisation was extraordinarily complete, and they had meeting-places in at least a score of different towns. These, as the police discovered eventually, were distinguished by bearing somewhere about their front a colouring of a peculiar sulphur yellow.

Their methods were as barbarous as those of the Inquisition. In one case an old farmer was scared with a red-hot iron to force him to disclose the hiding-place of his valuables; in another a funne was put down a woman's throat and water poured down for a similar purpose.

Their worst crime was the treble murder at a place near Bethune, in January, 1906. Their head was a man called Abel Pollet, and the gang numbered over fifty.

Another formidable French secret society is the F. D. L. C., or "Frères de la Côte," which means, in English, "Brothers of the Coast."

The members are mostly young—many being under twenty. The real object of this extraordinary association seems to be anti-religious. The members, of whom there are said to be over two millions, know one another by the letters "A. D." tattooed on the right forearm. Besides having his arm branded, each wears a badge in the shape of a red moon, and the chiefs, of whom there are three to each centre, bear distinguishing tattoo marks besides the letters above mentioned.

A murder society which has been devastating Russian Turkestan is known as the Society of the Crimson Crescent. Somewhere about him each member wears a tiny crescent of a peculiar crimson cloth. Their victims are all marked with a similar sign.

MAY HINTS FOR GARDENERS.

How to Get Rid of Weeds and Insects.

HAND-PULLING and a judicious use of the hoe are the only sure ways of keeping down weeds among growing crops.

Do not ignore the old saying, "One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding." It does more.

CLEAN paths have a wonderful effect upon the appearance of any garden, and should be made a special point.

SALT is good for destroying the first weeds, but is a decided help to future weeds, being a good fertiliser.

UPON no account leave weed-killers about promiscuously, nor any utensils once used for the distribution of same.

CARBOLIC ACID, one ounce to a gallon of water, makes a capital weed-killer for walks and paths. Have old boots and leather gloves when using this, and be careful of its burning properties. A piece of board put at the sides of walks will keep the spray from reaching box or other edgings. If possible, choose a dry day for the operation, and apply evenly through a rose.

Two applications during an interval of a month will keep down all weeds through the summer, except a few chance seedlings from the borders.

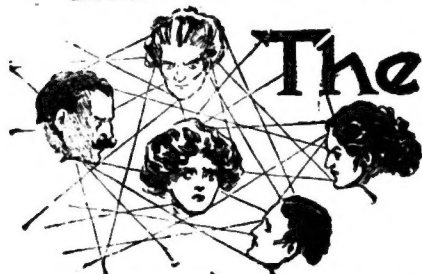
CYLLIN soft soap, at the rate of one ounce to a gallon of soft water, makes the cheapest and most effectual all-round insecticide.

Use this freely, whether insects are present or not. It is also a grand specific against mildew and fungus, especially upon peaches and roses.

It harms no plant and keeps the foliage clean.

You may not be able to draw in the beautiful rounded curves of an artist.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR.—Our Double Whitsun Holiday Number—out next week—will contain the opening chapters of a charming new short serial, "A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN," by Sybil Campbell Lethbridge.



The Web of Life

A Tale of a Shop-girl's Romance.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

OUR HEROINE, HERO, AND OTHERS.

Mrs. Peterson: A narrow-minded woman whose one idea in life is to be received into Society.
Doris Belton: Mrs. Peterson's beautiful, orphan niece. To please her aunt and to get away from the slavery of her work in London—she is a shop-girl—she secretly marries
The Young Earl of Brandale. The Earl owns a big estate in the south of England. He does not know of Doris' early life.
The Dowager Countess of Brandale is the young Earl's mother. She bitterly resents the marriage, and refuses to have anything to do with her son and his wife.
The Hon. Hilda Grant, a vain, pleasure-loving girl, who wanted to marry the Earl. She is so enraged at his marriage that she vows to ferret out Doris' past life and to ruin her.
Captain Vance, the Earl's cousin, and heir to the Brandale Estate. He is a cad who has repeatedly pestered Doris with his attentions in London, and knows she was only a shop-girl. On one occasion, after her marriage, he threatens to disclose her secret to the Earl unless she gives him a kiss. Doris indignantly refuses, and at that moment the young Earl enters the room. Captain Vance brutally tells the Earl how he has been deceived, and, on Doris trying to defend herself, he paints her character, with lies, as black as possible. The Earl, almost heart-broken, orders the Captain from the house. (You can now read on.)

CHAPTER TEN.

Vance Finds an Ally.

CAPTAIN PHILLIP VANCE, walking slowly through Hyde Park the following morning, pitied himself greatly. For a long time things had been going wrong with him, he was heavily in debt, and people were beginning to press for money. He had hoped to be able to raise some by blackmailing Lady Brandale, but he had made a mess of the affair, and now had a dangerous enemy in the person of his cousin, who had been considerably sharper than he had expected.

Phillip Vance was a gentleman by birth, but there his claim to the title ended. There were many shady stories about him, and he was getting used to being ignored by men who knew something of his real character, and had no desire to be seen with him.

"I've got to raise the wind somehow," he growled as he strode along. "I've made an absolute ass of myself over that confounded shop-girl countess! Good Heavens, if I'd only played my cards more cleverly, what a nice position I might have been in!"

Suddenly his eyes gleamed, and he advanced towards a smart victoria that was approaching, and raised his hat. In obedience to a command from the occupant, the carriage stopped, and Hilda Grant muffled in fables, extended her hand.

"From the expression on your face I judge you have something interesting to tell me?" she said.

Vance eyed her keenly. He was a pretty good judge of human nature, and he thought he saw his way clear for one last desperate flutter that would either make or mar him.

"I have something very interesting to tell you," he said in a low voice, "but I can't tell it to you here. It concerns my cousin and the wife he picked from the gutter."

Hilda Grant's eyes gleamed.

"I shall expect you between three and four this afternoon," she said coldly, and then ordered the driver to proceed.

Vance raised his hat again, and winced slightly at the girl's manner, which told him that she had realised that he had useful information to give, but would require payment for it.

"By Jove, if I can net a decent sum over this business I'm hanged if I don't make a run for it," he said savagely. "London's getting too hot to hold me, I must get abroad somewhere!"

Hilda Grant sat in the drawing-room of her father's town house with a puzzled, irritable expression upon her dark, handsome face. After speaking to Vance in the park she had seen Lord Brandale walking down Piccadilly, staring unseeing ahead of him, a look of misery upon his face.

She had bowed to him, but he had not seen her, and so the girl had checked the impulse to stop the carriage and speak to him, and was now impatiently awaiting the arrival of the man who had hinted at having a startling story to tell her.

"Captain Vance," announced a servant, and the next moment Vance, cool and collected, and perfectly dressed as usual, walked into the room. She greeted him coldly, and motioned him to a chair on the other side of the fireplace.

"Now," she cried impatiently, "what is this mystery about your cousin?"

Vance hesitated for a moment, wondering whether he should hint about what he expected to receive in return for his services now or wait until later, he decided to follow the latter course, so he calmly told her the whole story of what had occurred at Grosvenor Place the previous night, keeping strictly to the truth because he saw that there was nothing to be gained by lying.

The girl listened eagerly, and when he had finished she was silent for some moments.

"I suppose it's needless to ask whether your story or the wife's was the true one. I take it that this girl spoke the truth?"

"That's so," said Vance unblushingly, and smiled at the gesture of disgust that she made. "Look here, Miss Grant," he said quickly, "we're not here to discuss morals, but something of more importance. To put it plainly, you want to marry my cousin, and I can see a way to enable you to do so."

The girl's face flushed crimson, an angry protest rose to her lips, but she choked it at its birth and laughed mirthlessly. Then something in the expression on Vance's face told her that he was not speaking wildly, that he had come with some definite object in view.

"How do you propose getting rid of the shop-girl?" she asked, and though her voice was steady her heart was hammering against her ribs, and she breathed with difficulty. How she loved this scoundrel's cousin, how she wanted him! She told herself she would stick at nothing to obtain her desire.

"One moment," said Vance, "if I go into this it must be as a business transaction. I shall take considerable risk, and whatever the result of it, my career will be ruined. Before I go any further, I must have your promise that on the day you become engaged to Lord Brandale you pay me five thousand pounds."

The girl started.

"Be sane, Captain Vance," she said, "that is a tremendous sum of money. I haven't anything approaching it, and father would not advance me a penny unless I told him exactly what I wanted it for."

"Pooh, I don't suggest that you should go to your father, it would be the maddest thing you could do. There are other ways of raising money. I happen to know that you have jewellery that would yield quite that sum."

"I—I couldn't sell them without a lot of trouble, and besides, I can't part with my jewels. The whole thing is absurd!"

Vance rose to his feet.

"Very well," he said casually, "there is no use discussing it any further, then."

"Stay," said the girl, putting a hand on his arm, "I want to think, give me time to think, Captain Vance. Listen, they're bringing tea in now, stop and

have some, and we will talk the matter over. You have—oh, put the tray there, Parker! That will do; you need not wait."

Her brain was a whirl as the butler placed the tray on a table between them, arranged the cake basket, and saw that everything was in its place.

She knew well enough the reputation that Vance bore, and she knew that he was heavily in debt. He would certainly do his best to earn such a sum, probably it would be earned in a disgraceful, underhand way, but what did that matter to her? She wanted to marry Lord Brandale. She loved him as she would never have believed herself capable of loving. It was worth going to any sacrifice to free him from this low-down girl he had so foolishly married!

Still silent, she poured out the tea.

"It would be a perfectly easy matter," said Vance in his soft, smooth voice, "for you to raise a loan on the jewels which you could redeem later on."

"Yes," said Hilda slowly, "I could do that. Tell me what you have in your mind."

Vance smiled behind his teacup, then he pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to the girl.

"Just write a formal agreement to the terms," he said in a business-like voice. "Write, 'On the day that I become engaged to Richard Earl of Brandale I agree to pay Captain Phillip Vance five thousand pounds for services rendered.' Must have it, just as a matter of form, you know. Sign it there, that's right. I have for both our sakes that things will go as smoothly as I expect them to."

"What is your scheme?" asked the girl eagerly.

"In a nutshell, it is that we've got to incarnadine our little shop-girl, and convince Dick of her worthlessness. He will divorce her, then he will turn to you for sympathy, you will make the running, and I shall play your cards properly, you will be married to him as soon as it is legally possible."

The girl winced, not at the vile scheme against an innocent woman, but at the coarse way Vance had referred to her part in the scheme to ruin the life of a girl who had defied him.

"Dick will be suspicious of the girl," went on the man. "I've poisoned his mind against her. Without letting Dick see it you must make friends with her, win her confidence, and then ask her to visit your place in the country."

"But I haven't a—"

"Wait a moment, I am coming to that. I've a bungalow near Bournemouth which I sometimes use in the winter when I can't let it. It's unoccupied now, and I will go there in a few days. You will pretend to her that the place belongs to you, tell her the train to catch, saying that you will send a carriage to meet her at Bournemouth. She will arrive at the bungalow and find only myself and a manservant, who will do or swear anything I tell him. I shall make a prisoner of her for the night, then the thing will be done. No one will believe her story, and she will be ruined completely."

The callousness of the proposal staggered the girl. Instinctively she drew away, as from an unclean thing.

"But she would naturally tell her husband that she was going to visit me," she said.

"Exactly," agreed Vance, sipping his tea with a complacent air, "and by doing so make it all the blacker for herself. You will deny ever having mentioned the bungalow to her."

Hilda Grant sat silent staring into the blaze of the fire. Her whole soul revolted against such a dastardly wicked plot, even against the girl whom she regarded as an enemy, an adventuress who had stolen from her the man she loved. But, on the other hand, she longed for Dick, and only death or divorce could save him to her.

"I must think it over," she said hoarsely. "I—I can't give you an answer now. Come and see me to-morrow afternoon. You—you've frightened me now, it's such a terrible thing."

"It's the only thing that will give you what you want," said Vance calmly as he rose. "You'll put your ladyship back into the gutter from which she came, and you'll reign at Redhurst."

Reign at Redhurst! The words seemed to throb in her brain.

"Come and see me to-morrow afternoon," she said, and there was something in her voice that told Captain Phillip Vance to smile with triumph as a footman helped him on with his overcoat.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Flight!

On the same afternoon that Phillip Vance was sending forward his vile proposal to Hilda Grant, Lord Brandale sat disconsolate in the dainty little boudoir of his wife and in the depths of misery.

Her husband had avoided her since that terrible scene in the drawing-room. He had gone out in the evening, leaving her to eat her dinner alone in the great dining-room, waited upon by obsequious servants. She had tried bravely to eat, to keep her mind from the man who waited upon her and she had succeeded, but once in her own room she had broken down and sobbed hysterically.

"Oh, it's cruel!" she cried. "This can't go on. It will drive me insane. He won't listen to me, and I can't

FOOTBALL PRIZE WON AGAIN.

(See page 1156.)

£250

Turn now to first
page and win a big
"Middles" Prize.

—But you can draw an elephant in straight lines! Mind, straight lines only!

listened he wouldn't believe. Oh, why did I marry him?"

After all it was such a small deception she had practised upon him. Oh, if only she had ignored her aunt and been candid from the start what misery she would have been saved! But now Vance had ruined her life, her husband was husband in name only, there would be no more happiness for her.

He had breakfasted early before she was down and gone out, leaving word that he would not be back until late. She had been in the house all day, with nothing to do, nothing to take her out of the mood into which she had fallen, no one to whom she could turn for advice.

She rose and gazed dully round the room, her eyes were red with weeping, and she had a splitting headache. "What is all this but a prison?" she cried passionately, "it's only a gilded cage in which I am doomed to live miserably. Oh, I can't stand it! I can't!"

Apparently Dick's love for her was dead, and without his love the life before her was shallow and useless. If only she could get away! Then she thought of her aunt. Mrs. Peterson would sympathise with her, she would give her a home. Perhaps when Dick found that she had gone he would miss her, and see that he had treated her harshly.

A new light came into her eyes, the prospect of action, of having something to do, something to think about, appealed to her, and she glanced at the little clock on the mantelpiece. It was five o'clock. She knew there was a train from Waterloo to Redhurst at a quarter to six, if she caught that she would be in the Hampshire village by supper-time.

"I'll go at once," she exclaimed, "I'll leave a note for Dick telling him where I have gone, and—no, I won't write now."

She remembered Dick did not like her aunt, in his present mood he might think that they were plotting together, or he might even motor down that night and order her to return with him, and things be as bad as ever.

"I'll let him wonder where I am until I've seen him and asked her advice," she murmured, "then I can write or telegraph to him."

She hurried into her bedroom and summoned a maid.

"Pack my bag, please," she said. "I am going to spend the night with a friend."

The girl glanced at her in surprise, but she was too well-trained to make any remark, and whilst she packed the bag Doris donned a long travelling coat over the dress she was wearing, and a small hat. Then from a drawer she took all the money she possessed, delighted to find that it amounted to nearly thirty pounds.

A new thought filled her mind now, she would go away, and, if necessary, work for her living again. If her husband did not want her she would not be dependent upon him. She would not return until he asked her to do so, not until he told her he believed her and they could live happily together again.

"The bag is ready, my lady. Shall I order the brougham?"

Doris turned to the girl.

"No, a cab will do, thank you," she said, and with a quickly beating heart she descended the stairs.

A grave, powdered-headed footman summoned a taxi-cab and placed the bag in it.

"What address, my lady?"

Doris hesitated. If she told the man Waterloo, Dick might guess where she had gone and follow her.

"Euston Station," she said on the spur of the moment, and the cab leapt forward. She waited until it was well clear of the district, and then ordered the chauffeur to drive her to Waterloo.

She arrived five minutes before the train was due to depart. Her life of luxury of the past few weeks made her wish to travel first class, but being alone she was afraid she would attract attention, so she travelled third class in company with a motherly old soul, who insisted on talking during the journey, and would have been considerably astounded and not a little delighted if she had known that the pretty, sad-faced girl sitting opposite her was the Countess of Brandale!

CHAPTER TWELVE The Plot.

THE Hon. Hilda Grant sat staring into the fire for a long time after Captain Vance had left her, thinking over the despicable scheme he had suggested. She knew that she was lowering herself in having dealings with the man, and realised that if the truth came out no decent woman would have anything to do with her.

But though she loathed the idea, and felt that she was touching pitch, she felt that it was the only way to free the man she loved, the only way in which the dream of her life could be fulfilled.

Suddenly she resolved to go round and see the girl. Doris might be communicative and give her version of

the affair. It was only half past five, she would have time to pay a hurried visit to the girl and get back in time to dress for dinner.

She ordered the electric brougham, and donned her furs, and as she was whirled along to Grosvenor Place she decided to be very friendly to prepare the ground, so that if she decided to adopt Vance's plan her task would not be quite so hard.

She had carefully rehearsed the part she would play when she rang the bell, and inquired if the Countess of Brandale was at home.

"No, miss," said the footman, "her ladyship is out. She left here about half an hour ago."

Hilda slightly elevated her eyebrows.

"Can you tell me what time she will be in?" she asked.

"I can't, miss. I understand her ladyship has gone to visit a friend. She told the man to drive to Euston."

"Thank you," said the girl, and she entered the brougham, her brain in a whirl.

"Home," she said curtly to the footman, who closed the door, and then sank back in the cushions trying to collect her thoughts, to decide what was the best thing to do.

Doris had run away, she was convinced of that, and, on the whole, she was not surprised, for she could easily picture the girl's misery, but how could her disappearance be turned to the best account?

She was obviously excited when she reached home, and on entering the hall she went straight to the telephone and rang up a well-known sporting club of which Vance was a member, and where he spent a great deal of his time.

"Is Captain Vance in?" she asked, and she was



Vance handed a sheet of paper to the girl. "Just write a formal agreement to the terms," he said in a business-like voice.

informed that inquiries would be made, if she would hold the line. Then, after a long interval, she heard Vance's voice grunting at the other end, angry at being disturbed at a game of bridge, at which he was winning heavily.

"Please come round here at once, Captain Vance," she said, in a voice that trembled with excitement. "It's Hilda Grant speaking, something startling has happened in regard to what we were talking about this afternoon."

"I'll be with you in ten minutes," said Vance sharply, and then she hung up the receiver, and without removing her hat she went into the drawing-room to await the man's coming.

Vance's face fell when he heard the news, but brightened up again when the girl went on speaking.

"Instead of hindering us she has helped us," she said, her eyes gleaming. "She's evidently run away from Dick, sick at heart that you should be believed by him instead of her. She'll keep quiet for a few days in the hope of frightening Dick into forgiving her, and he'll probably do it unless we act promptly. You must leave town to-night, Captain Vance, disappear altogether."

He saw the drift of her proposal, and it delighted him, but he did not allow his delight to show on his face.

"That's all very well," he said slowly, "but it can't be done, I'm in a hole. If I disappear I shall have everyone down on me like a cartload of bricks."

"But you must, I tell you. I know that Doris drove

to Euston. I shall tell Dick that I saw you together at the station, and we must leave the rest to chance. The little fool will probably be unable to account for herself and my words will be believed before hers, anyway you must leave London to-night and no one must know where you are going."

"But my dear girl, I tell you it's impossible. If I go anywhere it must be abroad, away from everywhere, and to do that I must have a good sum of money. I'm hanged if I'm going to starve in a foreign land to please anyone."

The girl sprang to her feet.

"Wait here!" she commanded and left the room.

In a few minutes she was back again carrying three jewel-cases.

"Here is your payment in advance," she said. "Raise money on these, and let me know where they are, so that I can redeem them as soon as possible."

Vance slipped the leather cases into the pockets of his overcoat, and held out his hand, wincing slightly when the girl ignored it.

"I wish you luck," he said. "London shall know me no more. I shall leave for Liverpool to-night, and get a boat to South America to-morrow. By jove, what a sensation there will be when certain tradesmen find the bird has flown, and what rejecting in the noble regiment to which I have the honour to belong."

"All the better," said the girl coldly, "the world will connect the two disappearances, and that will serve my purpose well."

Out in the street Captain Vance hailed a cab and was driven towards an establishment in the Haymarket where he had many times deposited articles of value.

"There's fully five thousand pounds' worth of stuff here," he murmured complacently as he sat back puffing at his cigarette. "What a little fool that Grant girl is. My scheme was bound to succeed, and she'd have got her money's worth, but this idea is mad. It will never work unless that pretty little fiend makes an absolute idiot of herself and lies low for so long that she'll have difficulty in proving where she went to on the day she left home. Well, I'm hanged if I care what happens now, I'm well clear of the whole concern!"

The Earl of Brandale paced up and down the library of his town house, his face white and drawn. He was suffering agony of mind, there was so much he wanted to do, and so little he dared do.

Doris had left him! She had gone away without a word, and he had no idea where she was. Only now did he fully realise how he loved the girl, and bitterly did he reproach himself for having acted as he had done towards her.

It was possible that Vance had lied as she declared, but in any case whatever her past, however greatly she had deceived him, she was his wife.

But he could do little or nothing now for fear of creating a scandal, and making his wife's hard task harder still should she return to him and they could live together happily again. To make public her disappearance would be to set tongues wagging, to fill the papers with sensational paragraphs, and that was the last thing he desired.

On returning late the previous evening he had been told his wife had gone to spend the night with a friend. Keeping his composure by a great effort he expressed no surprise, but, by casual inquiries, found that she had directed the cabman to drive to Euston.

And now, after a sleepless night, he had come down to find that there was no letter from her, that he was as much in the dark as ever. As he made gallant attempts to eat some breakfast, he comforted himself with the thought that Doris, in a fit of misery, had gone to join some old friend who would soon persuade her to communicate with him.

"Perhaps I'll have a wire by lunch-time," he muttered, "if I don't hear by to-night, I must do something, I can't go on in this suspense."

He went round to his club and a man he knew strolled up to him.

"What's this they're saying about your cousin, Brandale?" he asked.

Dick stared at him.

"About Vance!" he said. "Nothing that I know of. What's the mystery?"

"Oh, there's no such mystery!" said the man grimly, "they say he's bolted. A chap went round to his rooms last night to try and get something on account of what he owed him, and found the bird flown and his manservant collecting such things as he could carry away before doing a bit also. There's a regular rumpus among some of the tradesmen, I'm told, and the bailiffs were put in this morning on the off-chance of getting something for the furniture in two of the rooms."

Dick's face had paled, an icy hand seemed to be clutching at his heart.

"When did he go?" he asked, and it was all that he could do to keep his voice steady.

"Yesterday evening some time. Must have made his plans suddenly. Woman in the case probably. Vance is a bad egg, and I'll bet there's rejoicing in his regiment."

His friend moved away, and Dick sank heavily into an armchair, picking up a paper to screen his face.

A woman in it! The words burned into his brain. Was it only coincidence that his wife and Vance had disappeared on the same day? Had Doris in her desperation, made up her quarrel with his cousin and gone off with him?

He stifled a groan and left the club. He could not sit still, he must be moving. He walked through the park, a biting wind was sweeping across it, but he did not notice it. He walked along, his overcoat unbuttoned, his head sunk forward, dull despair written plainly on his face that now might have belonged to a man twice his age.

It seemed to him that people were staring at him, some sympathetically, others mockingly.

"My God!" he cried hoarsely, "it can't be true. Little Doris would not—"

The sentence ended in a groan, and he walked rapidly back to Grosvenor Place. He found that no message had arrived for him, but the servant told him that Miss Hilda Grant had called and was still waiting in the library.

He started, and then a more hopeful expression came into his eyes. Hilda was an old friend, a good sort. He could speak confidently to her, and she would advise him. Oh, it was fortunate that he had returned in time to catch her.

The dark, handsome girl rose as he entered, and he saw that she was looking very serious.

"Poor old Dick!" she said gently, holding out her hand.

He took it, staring at her half in wonder, half in alarm. What had she heard, why did she look so serious. Why the pitying voice?

"You've heard about my cousin?" he said dully.

"Yes, Dick. I was at Euston last night seeing a friend off to the North, and I—"

Euston! Something seemed to snap in Dick's brain. He clutched the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Was he alone?" he asked in little more than a whisper.

The piteous expression on his face caused the girl agony, but she had her part to play, and she steeled herself to play it to the end.

"No," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "there was a woman with him."

Dick buried his head in his hands. Hilda swept across to him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, my poor Dick!" she said gently, "it is so hard for me to tell you, but—but the woman was your wife!"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

Alone in the World.

It was eight o'clock when the station cab deposited Doris at her aunt's house at Redhurst, and it had turned in a very dark and bitterly cold night. The servant who admitted her was flushed and awkward, for she was not used to waiting upon ladies of title, and the girl's pale face troubled her.

Mrs. Peterson sprang from her chair as though it had suddenly been charged with electricity.

"My dear Doris!" she cried. "How sweet of you to come and see me so soon. Mary, remove Lady Brandale's coat! How is his lordship, dear? I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing him to-morrow. Mary, you had better ask her ladyship's coachman to wait in the kitchen, and—"

"I've come from London," said Doris in a low voice.

"I've a lot to tell you, auntie. I—"

"Mary, you can go!" said Mrs. Peterson sharply, and then, after a glance at her niece's face, she resumed her seat again. "You don't mean to tell me that you have quarrelled," she said in quite a different tone of voice.

"It's—it's worse than a quarrel," faltered Doris, on the verge of tears, and then sinking down on her knees beside her aunt she poured out the story of what had happened. Of what had come of her deception, of Vance's lies, and her husband's indifference to her, and then her misery and her flight from home.

"You little fool!" cried Mrs. Peterson, and her voice cut Doris like a knife.

"But, auntie, I—"

"Don't talk to me! You've ruined everything. Instead of stopping and bluffing the thing out, keeping your position in Society, you've done the very thing to cause scandal. You've disgraced me. How can I hold my head up now. It will be the talk of the place. The whole story will come out and I shall be made a laughing stock. Oh, you little fool!"

Doris flushed crimson and rose to her feet.

"You are forgetting yourself, auntie," she said quietly. "I came to you to ask for advice, to ask you to shelter me until I could see what was the best thing to do. I didn't come to be insulted."

"Insulted!" cried the angry woman. "It is you who insult me by daring to come here. I'll have

(Continued on column 3.)

Picture Pars

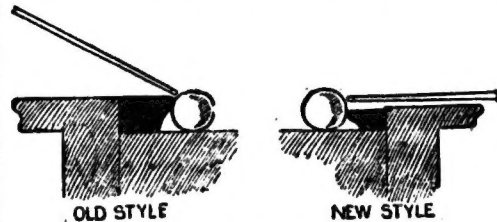
We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

MAKES BETTER BILLIARDS.

This illustration shows the new, low style of cushion for billiard tables.

The advantage of these new cushions is that they

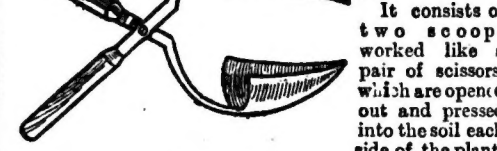


allow balls to be played with greater ease when they are close up under the cushion.

Before the introduction of the new cushions it was necessary to play such balls with a slanting stroke, which more often than not resulted in a mis-cue.

HANDY FOR GARDENERS.

A TOOL much used by gardeners for transplanting young plants and flowers by removing them from the earth without loosening their roots, is shown in this illustration.



It consists of two scoops worked like a pair of scissors, which are opened out and pressed into the soil each side of the plant.

By the use of this tool plants can be raised from the ground without their tender roots being damaged.

WHY A LION'S HEAD?

THE lion's head shown in the illustration may be seen on the majority of drinking-fountains.

Many people believe it to be entirely ornamental, but really there is a good reason for its being there.

The ancient Egyptians made a practice of carving a lion's head on their fountains to remind them of the rising of the Nile each year.

This event coincided with the appearance of the group of stars known as the Leo, or Lion Constellation owing to its formation, at this period.

The practice of putting a lion's head on fountains has come down through the ages, and it is still very much in vogue to-day.

A USEFUL BOWL.

Our illustration shows an ingenious vessel used in many large dairies.

It has two spouts, one for pouring off the surface of the milk, and an inclosed one for pouring from the bottom of the vessel without disturbing the surface.



Cream can thus be easily separated from milk by pouring away the skim milk.

This vessel can also be used to advantage in the kitchen, for freeing soups and gravies from fat and sediment, by allowing them to stand till clear, and then pouring off.

"THE WEB OF LIFE" (continued).

nothing to do with you. I won't have you here. I'm not going to be drawn into the affair, and be blamed for what has happened. A nice thing! You had the world at your feet and you've thrown your life away. I'll not have you here. You understand? You can go, and I'll not admit having seen you, and I never want to see you again."

The girl was pale and trembling now. Suddenly she realised what a mean, despicable woman her aunt was; it was she who had advised her to deceive, she who had fawned upon her when everything was going well, sickening her with her flattery; but when trouble and disgrace were threatened, she turned her back.

"Very well," she said quietly, fighting bravely to keep back the tears, "I'll go now."

"And good riddance!" said the stern-faced woman by the fire bitterly, as she saw all her dreams of power in Society vanishing into thin air. No more would the words, "My niece the Countess of Brandale," rise to her lips, for she saw that Society would have Doris no more. A scandal would hang round her name, and, with no influential friends, she would be shut out of the life in which she should have taken so active a part.

Without a word the girl walked from the room, picked up the bag that she had left in the hall, unlocked the door softly, stepped out into the night. It was now nearly half past eight. She dared not stay at the Brandale Arms, the one hotel in Redhurst, for she was well-known in the little town, and her appearance there would cause a sensation.

What should she do?

She knew there was no train back to London, and after her aunt's words, London and return to her husband seemed out of the question. Then she remembered that there was a train to Southampton at nine o'clock. Southampton was a big town, her appearance there would cause no comment. Many ladies travelled alone, and it was a place where many people broke their journey.

"I'll go to Southampton," she murmured, "and spend the night there, and cross over to the Isle of Wight to-morrow."

She had often longed to visit the Island and she would be hidden there. Dick would not think of her being there. If her aunt were questioned, she would deny the visit to Redhurst, and there would be nothing to put him on the track. When they had both had time to look at things coolly and see whether they could live together, she would write to Dick and then—

She drew in her breath sharply and hurried on to the station, carrying the heavy bag, avoiding the High Street, where she was likely to be recognised. The train was almost empty and she had a carriage to herself most of the way, and arrived in the busy seaport town at half-past ten.

She had been there several times before and knew of a good hotel, so to this she was driven, and, without exciting any great amount of curiosity, she obtained a room and, feeling faint and hungry, had some supper.

That night as she lay in bed she thought of her last visit to Southampton. The dull, grey old church with the wintry sun streaming through the stained glass windows. The soft-voiced clergyman, Dick by her side speaking the responses clearly, and her own faint, almost inaudible replies.

A sentence in the service dinned in her brain.

"For better or for worse. For better or for worse." And she had not been married a month, and yet she was flying from her husband. To-morrow she would find herself in the Isle of Wight, and no doubt Dick would be glad to be rid of her.

And so she cried herself to sleep!

(This story will finish next week in our Double Whitsun Number, when a new short serial, "A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN," commences.)

GOLD HOOKS FOR BALD-HEADS.

NOWADAYS it is not at all an unusual thing for an invalid to inhale the vapour of gold as a stimulant in nervous complaints; but the discovery that this valuable mineral can also be used for implanting hairs in a bald scalp is amazingly original.

A foreign doctor has lately invented a means for executing this operation. He ties together a small piece of extremely thin gold wire and a sterilised hair, implanting the latter with the aid of a small injection syringe in the scalp, where it is then fixed with a small golden hook.

The inventor claims that hair fixed in the scalp in this manner cannot be distinguished from natural growth. The operation is absolutely painless, and he is able to implant about 500 hairs per hour. The hair, of course, will not grow; and the transplantation merely produces a novel kind of wig. But the wearer will at least be able to venture out in windy weather without causing any embarrassment to himself and his relations.

You all know the nursery rhyme beginning "Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall."

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES ?

1. Ichabod.
2. Tell it to the Marines.
3. Tape Machine.
4. Rich as Croesus.
5. Wreck Commissioners.
6. Public Trustee.

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Thursday, May 23rd. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 75.

(1) EX CATHEDRA.

E. Dyson, 45 Granville Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs., contributed the winning explanation in the following terms:

Latin *Ex*, meaning from, and *Cathedra*, chair; a phrase used in speaking of the solemn dictates or decisions of prelates, chiefly the Popes, delivered in their Pontifical capacity. Hence, in common language, the phrase is used for any decision, direction, or order, given with an air of official authority.

(2) JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The prize in this contest was awarded to *H. C. St. Elrud*, 11 Demesne Terrace, Londonderry, who wrote as follows:

A metaphor for any decision which causes trouble. Paris, son of Priam of Troy, decided as to the comparative beauty of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, in Venus' favour. She rewarded him with Helen, wife of Menelaus of Sparta, thus causing the ten-years' siege of Troy by the Greeks.

(3) MILLENNIUM.

The explanation selected as the best was received from *J. T. Shields*, 35 Bellamy Street, Bulham, and was thus worded:

The thousand years—Latin *mille*, a thousand, *annus*, a year—mentioned in "Revelation," during which holiness will be triumphant throughout the world. Some believe that during this period Christ will reign on earth with His saints. In ordinary parlance a time of good government, freedom from wickedness, and great happiness.

(4) JERRY BUILT.

This expression was thus defined by the prize-winner, *H. H. Clements*, 57 Albany Street, Leith:

"Jerry built" is an expressive phrase meaning unsubstantial, built to sell, but not to last; made of inferior material. The origin of "Jerry" is doubtful, its supposed connection with a Liverpool building firm not being confirmed. Like "jury," it may be a corruption of the French word *jour*, meaning temporary.

(5) MAKING THE WELKIN RING.

The winner, *W. Round*, 8 St. Peter's Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, described this phrase in the following terms:

Welkin, from the old Anglo-Saxon word "*Wolcen*," a cloud, means the sky, or place where the clouds are. "To make the welkin ring" signifies that in times of happiness or rejoicing the singing or cheering of the people concerned is so loud as to make the sky re-echo.

(6) LANTERN JAWED.

For the explanation which follows, the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to *L. Spencer*, 151 Gwydir Street, Cambridge.

Applied to a long, lean countenance, with apparently hollow cheeks, probably originating from the fancied resemblance to a lantern, or from the hyperbolic statement that one might see daylight through them. Early use of the expression "lantern jaws" occurs in Scott's "*Rob Roy*" and Thackeray's "*Vanity Fair*."

TRY THIS MOST WONDERFUL SAFETY RAZOR IN THE WORLD FOR 30 DAYS, FREE.

High-Priced Safety Razor Manufacturers Panic-Sticken.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

There is a panic in the homes and works of the manufacturers of high-priced Safety Razors.

The most wonderful Safety Razor in the world has been invented and placed on the British market at one-eighth the price asked for the expensive, yet inferior Safety Razors hitherto imported into this country in such large quantities.

The new Razor—the "Mulcuto"—can now be obtained on 30 days' free trial. The price of the wonderful "Mulcuto" is only 2s. 6d. for the Nickel style, or, silver-mounted, 3s. 6d. Either of these different styles "Mulcuto" may be obtained on one month's trial, on payment of price as deposit. The payment will be refunded if the Razor has not won your good will within one month's daily trial of its merits.

INFERIOR RAZORS FOR A GUINEA. OR SHEFFIELD STEEL RAZOR FOR HALF-A-CROWN?

With this combination of low price and high quality the expensive Safety Razor importations from abroad cannot compete.

The "Mulcuto" holds the field and captures the market. Everyone is buying and trying it. No one is going to pay a guinea for a Safety Razor when they can get one of superior quality for only 2s. 6d. For here is another point in favour of the "Mulcuto." The "Mulcuto" blade is of Sheffield steel. That is why its quality is so good. Sheffield steel is the best in the world, and the best wearing. Sheffield steel is the blade of the "Mulcuto," the most wonderful Safety Razor in the world.



ECONOMICAL AND PLEASANT TO USE.

Besides being inexpensive, the new "Mulcuto" Safety Razor is the most economical to use. (Try it for 30 days and see for yourself. Then send it back if you do not find it the best you have ever used, whatever the price, and your money will be refunded.)

The Sheffield steel blade of the "Mulcuto" is practically everlasting.

Most Safety-Razor blades are merely thin wafers of steel cut from rolled band steel. These scrape and graze the skin, and lose their shaving edge after one or two shaves. In fact, some makers actually tell you to throw away the blade of your Safety-Razor after one shaving, and fit a new one for "next time."

Far different is the blade of the "Mulcuto." The "Mulcuto" blade, like the British Empire, is made to last. Only the finest quality double-refined and highly-tempered Sheffield steel is used in its manufacture. Each blade is hollow-ground by the cleverest hollow-grinders in the world. This ensures exactness and equality of temper. You require a blade like this to get a perfect shaving edge. The steel of the "Mulcuto" Razor gives you a clean, gentle, velvety shave. It removes every vestige of growth, yet it never drags, scrapes, grazes, or roughens the skin.

365 SHAVES EACH YEAR WITH ONE BLADE.

There is no nuisance or expense of continually buying

new blades with the "Mulcuto," which you can now have on a 30 days' trial free.

You can shave with the "Mulcuto" for a year without changing the blade.

"Your firm have been recommended to me as the BEST FIRM in ENGLAND for good Razors. Will you please send me one of your best, for which please find enclosed postal order." So writes Mr. Carty, of Ennis, County Clare.

365 shaves without changing the blade!

This is surely a record for Safety Razors.

Think of the money you save by purchasing the "Mulcuto"—especially if you do not shave yourself at present.

Many people do not shave themselves because they cannot use the old-fashioned clasp-razor.



This is the one everlasting Sheffield Steel Blade that outwears thousands of blades costing 2/6 per doz.; and the "Mulcuto" Razor complete costs only

2/6

But anyone can use the "Mulcuto"—no art, no skill of any sort is required for the manipulation.

You can try this razor for 30 days free of charge.

IF AT THE END OF THAT TIME YOU WOULD RATHER HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK THAN KEEP THE "MULCUTO,"

SEND IT BACK AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED IN FULL.

So you run no risk of any sort in accepting this offer.

The "Mulcuto" is made at two prices—

No. 1. Nickel-plated. 2/6 } Complete in Metal Travel-ling Case with Holder for plated Model de Luxe 3/6 } Stropping the Blade.

Send postal order for either of these amounts to The Mulcuto Safety Razor Co. (Dept. 9), 31 and 33 High Holborn, W.C., and by return you will be sent, post free (and packed in neat compact travelling case), this magnificent "Mulcuto" Safety-Razor.

—It saves you Money, Time, Worry, Inconvenience, and Discomfort.

—It is a Razor with which it is impossible for you to cut yourself even when shaving in a swaying train or rolling steamer.

—It is a Razor, indeed, with which you can actually shave in the dark if you like.

—It is a Razor that will always keep your cheeks and chin perfectly free from any and every growth.

—It is a Razor which you will consider, once you have tried it for a month, "the best Safety-Razor you have ever possessed," or in the words of the headline above, "the most wonderful Safety-Razor in the World."

CUT HERE. OUR GUARANTEE.

This is the Coupon entitling you to a 30 days' Free Trial of the Marvellous "Mulcuto" Safety Razor.

To the "Mulcuto" Safety Razor Co. (Dept. 9), 31 to 33 High Holborn, W.C. (Over Chancery Lane Tube Station.)

Dear Sirs,—Please forward to me, carriage paid, by return, the "Mulcuto" Shaving Outfit (including Safety Razor), for which I enclose postal order for 2s. 6d.* upon the condition that you return the cash to me in full should I send the Outfit back within 30 days.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

* Send 3s. 6d. if you would like one of the Model de Luxe Silver-plated "Mulcuto" Razors on 30 days' trial.

AGENTS WANTED.

—Well, I want a new version of it, an up-to-date version. Not more than eight lines.



Best Girl Rider in the World

MISS HELEN PREECE

Talks About Her Coming Athletic Contests in Stockholm.

(Miss Helen Preece is one of the most wonderful young horsewomen in the world. Although only sixteen years old, she has already won many first and other prizes, and in July she is to represent England in the Olympic Games at Stockholm.)

I AM not sure if I was selected to ride for England in the Pentathlon in the coming Olympic Games, or if daddy entered me for it, but anyhow I mean to win if I can.

The Pentathlon is not an ordinary kind of race; you have to be able to do all sorts of things well before you can compete in it.

First, there is shooting with a pistol at a target at about thirty-five yards' distance. Then there is a swim of three hundred metres, then a bout of fencing, and then, to wind up, a horse ride of about thirty miles, the last three miles of it cross-country riding.

Open to the World.

The event takes four days, July 7th to 11th, to get through, and it is open to the whole world. But I am not nervous at the prospect. True, this will be my first experience of the Olympic Games, but I shall be very well trained and, I hope, quite fit.

Just at present I am away from school and training hard every day, except Sunday, when I

have a rest. This is, more or less, my training time-table:

- 6.30.—Get up and go for a sharp, brisk walk.
- 8.—Breakfast.
- 10.—Go out for a long ride.
- 1.—Light luncheon.
- 2 to 4.—On alternate days fencing, swimming, shooting, tennis, or lacrosse.
- 4.—Tea.

After tea I sometimes go for another ride, and I usually have a walk before supper, and I am in bed by nine.

So far we have not decided what horse I shall ride in the Pentathlon; there are two or three to choose from. For the most part of the race I shall ride astride, because that way is the least tiring, but for the last three miles over country I shall ride side-saddle, because that is my usual way over country.

Daddy has taken a cottage near Richmond Park so that I can begin in real earnest to get fit.

I Never Wear Mascots.

Already a great many kind people—lots of them utter strangers—have sent me wishes for good luck, but none have sent me charms or mascots, which I don't believe in and never wear.

I think that the only out-of-the-way thing I have had from a stranger in connection with the Pentathlon was a sort of printed lecture about the harmfulness of smoking. This came from a clergyman, who sent a letter with the lecture, begging me not to smoke. I never do smoke, and mother was quite annoyed that the clergyman should think so. I think smoking would be almost the last thing any girl training for a big athletic contest would be guilty of.

At present I have not started any special training diet and I eat what is going, but I expect daddy will soon begin to take my potatoes and bread and that sort of thing away. I know he has lots of beef-tea in store for me!

I have been used to horses since I was about

three, and I won my first prize when I was six. It was for jumping at the Stedham Show.

Since then I have gone on competing regularly. I have won a great many prizes for myself and a great many for people whose horses I have ridden at various times.

When I was twelve I won the Novices' pony jumping competition, beating eighteen men, at the Agricultural Hall, and the next day I was third in the All England jumping contest.

A Compliment from Queen Alexandra.

In 1910 Queen Alexandra personally presented me with a prize which I won at the Agricultural Hall. It was splendid. "You rode very well," she said to me.

I won that prize on a favourite pony of mine called Queenie. Queenie was a dear, but she took, oh, such a lot of understanding and handling! She pulled and she "fussed," she never could stand still, and she just hated having her photograph taken. The poor photographers used to get so angry with her.

Last year I went to America to compete in riding competitions there and won the Gold Cup open to all nations for being the best girl rider, sixteen years and under, and there were thirty competitors, nearly all nations being represented.

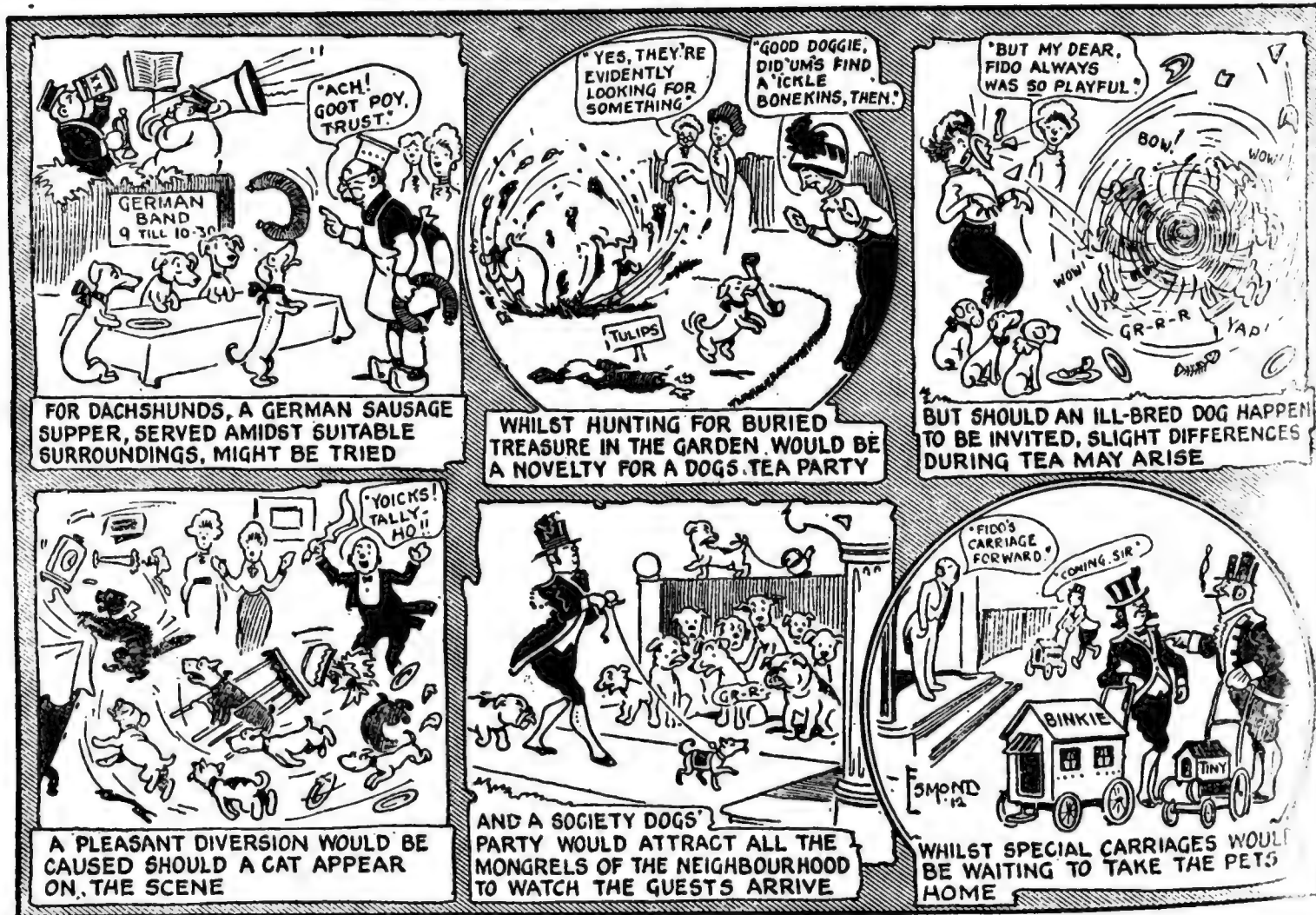
HELEN PREECE.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer, in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"

DINNER PARTIES FOR DOGS.

A young lady has recently given a tea party to dogs to celebrate the birthday of her French poodle. All the animals were waited on by ladies. Our cartoonist suggests what may happen if the idea should spread.



—To the senders of the two best versions I will give five shillings each. Mark postcards "Humpty." (See page 1147)

A STRANGE SIN

TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY.

A short time ago Lord Millborough makes two big discoveries. His wife is trying to poison him with arsenic, and she has carried on an intrigue with Major Collett—the Chief Constable of the cotton town.

His Lordship insists on his wife living abroad and, later on, he orders the Major to resign his position. Lady Millborough goes to the South of France, and there schemes for revenge. She sends for Major Collett and, with the aid of a photograph she has stolen from her husband, she puts the Chief Constable on the track of Mary Ryder—wanted for the murder of her brute of a husband over twenty years ago. Mary Ryder will be remembered as the woman Lord Millborough loved when he was plain George Marchant, and against whom he sinned. Beth is their child.

In last week's chapters Major Collett arrests Mary Ryder—now known as Mrs. Paul—in London and then brings her to Millborough. To make the revenge complete he asks Lord Millborough to go with him to the police-station to identify the prisoner. Lord Millborough goes to the police-station, but instead of seeing the woman he still loves, he confesses that he himself killed Mary Ryder's husband. (You can now read on.)

CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE. In the Dock!

BETH spent most of her time at the hospital, but she slept in the little house in Shorthouse Row. It was not yet nine o'clock when she left for the hospital, and the telegraph-boy shot his telegram into an empty house.

Lord Millborough's word was practically law at the hospital, which owed its existence to his generosity, and rules were suspended in Beth's favour. They allowed her to spend practically the whole day with the man who was her betrothed lover now.

It was late afternoon when she returned to Shorthouse Row, and found the telegram—read it. It drove the blood from her lips.

"Mrs. Paul arrested—taken to Millborough—what does it mean? Baby ill—Rosie Gay with me—find out and let me know—dreadful suspense, Fairy."

"Oh, God!" whispered Beth.

She reeled from the house. A woman in clogs came running along.

"Aah, but 'ave yo' 'eard?" she cried. "They've got Mary Ryder. Ah've just 'eard—Ah'm not making it up—they've got 'er at t' station—after all these years. What's wrong wi' the lass?"

For Beth, instead of pausing to listen to the sensational news and ask for more, seemed to have been spurred into greater haste.

But presently an agony of indecision gripped her, and she hesitated like one before divided ways, not knowing which to take—to the hospital and the man she loved, who was strong to advise, or to the police-station and her mother!

"Mother!"

Her great heart throbbed out the word. Arrested! She hungered to go to her, but to do so might add to the sum of her mother's shame and humiliation and misery. They would ask what was Beth Willow to Mary Ryder?

Beth was as woman-like as the woman who sat in a station cell, on the edge of the plank-bed, her face buried in her white transparent hands, another woman watching her always.

But she had stayed with Mrs. Paul in her lodgings, and that was known in Millborough. Fairy was known to have stayed there. She would go to the police-station—to mother!

There was a crowd round the Central Station. The news was only just out.

"Eh, an' Lord Millborough's gone in wi' Collett!"

Beth caught the speech as she tried to force her way through the crowd.

"E's on the bench," went on the speaker, "and more'n that, Mary Ryder worked in 'is mill. Well, Ah never did—after all these years!"

"What's your business?" demanded the constable at the entrance to the station as Beth came through to him.

"I'm a friend of Mrs. Paul's!" She was vaguely amazed at her own control. "I want to see her."

"Got an order?"

"No."

"You can't see her without an order, either from the Chief Constable or a magistrate. This is a police-station."

Beth linked her hands.

"Don't block up the way. Clear off!" commanded the constable, trained in the school of Major Collett.

Then Beth went to the hospital.

The nurse slipped from the room as she entered, and she was alone with Marcus Drake. And here Beth went weak. She sank on her knees beside his bed, and sobbed.

"Mother!"

Drake was still very helpless, but he reached out a hand. The muscles were weak, but the touch was strong and tender.

"I know," he whispered. "I've heard—the nurse just told me. Wait and hope, my Beth."

The door was not quite closed. Voices reached them—two nurses had met in the corridor outside, and they were telling the other something excitedly.

"Ridiculous—Lord Millborough?"

"Yes—the matron told me—she's just heard—may be true—it doesn't sound like it—but that's what the matron told me—he's given himself up at the police-station."

Then the nurse who had gone from the room realised that she had not closed the door behind her and did so. Marcus Drake had drawn Beth to him.

"You heard," he whispered. "You know what I know—wait and hope, my Beth, still. He saw the possibility of this—your father and the truest friend I ever had—he will not flinch. Wait and hope. He will not flinch."

That night it was all over Millborough, though inner facts were not yet known, and fiction played tricks with what was actually known, and all manner of explanations passed from lip to lip. But Lord Millborough had made some sort of confession to do with Mary Ryder, and he, Lord Millborough, if you please, the uncrowned king, was actually locked up in a cell.

Wires were carrying news to London papers, and extra editions were being rushed out. London was as agog with curiosity as Millborough, and newspaper correspondents were dispatched to Millborough, to be present when Lord Millborough made his appearance before the magistrates, as he presumably would on the morrow, when Mary Ryder, also, would be brought up.

Would they stand in the dock together?

Rumour had linked their names together, though inner facts were not yet known.

Had the magistrate's court been capable of accommodating a thousand people there would not have been space for the crowd gathered round about the Town Hall. The strike seemed to have been forgotten. Police were everywhere, moving on and breaking up, but there was no disorder. It was a hushed, whispering, puzzled crowd. Some were still incredulous. Others with long memories had gone back to the days when Lord Millborough was young George Marchant. He had been seen with Mary Ryder one evening on the Stack. She had worked in his mill. Little things became significant.

Only a fraction of those who clamoured for entrance were admitted into the court, where seats—as if it were a theatre—had already been allotted to the leading Millborough lights.

Three magistrates on the Bench, personal friends of the man who had done more for the welfare of the great cotton-town than anyone. The Chief Constable, in mufti, but very much in evidence, and talking in a whisper with the solicitor who represented the Crown. Police, clerks, court-officials—the women's bright and fashionable gowns giving a gay splash of colour.

The dock was empty, but had a fascination for all eyes.

Listen for a moment to those two well-dressed women, their heads as close together as their monstrous hats permit, as they whisper.

"Does this explain his separation from his wife? Everybody said she was to blame—living somewhere quietly in France, don't you know—but was Lord Millborough the offender? Did Lady Millborough find out something—refuse to live with him—and kept things quiet for the sake of the children?"

"Goodness only knows. But Eileen, you know, isn't on speaking terms with her father. I heard that she had joined her mother. Roy never comes near the place—I heard that he was going to the dogs in London. Don't tell me, my dear, that it's all the woman's fault. I don't believe it, Lady Millborough came of good stock. I fancy she must have opened a cupboard door, one day, and found a skeleton—"

"We poor women—but you know, they did say at one time she and Collett—long ago—an awfully smart young fellow—were rather keen on each other."

"I call him a remarkably handsome and smart man now—h'sh!"

Silence and eagerness.

The dock was still empty, but Collett had ceased whispering to the solicitor representing the Crown. The solicitor had turned to the Bench. All ears were strained to catch his words.

"Your worships," he was saying, "the painful case on which I have been instructed presents a number of difficulties, and there has been trouble as to the framing of the respective charges against Mary Durdan, alias Mary Ryder, alias Mrs. Paul, and—and—and Lord Millborough. Therefore, I wish to make the Crown's

(Continued on next page.)

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Shortly you will be thinking about your seaside holidays and reading the advertisements.

and the police's attitude clear before the—the—the prisoners are placed in the dock!

He was a local solicitor, and had dined at Millborough Hall with the man whom he now spoke of as the prisoner.

"Certain depositions are before your worships. Mary Durdan was arrested on a warrant for the murder of Richard Durdan on the night of August 16th, 1888. There is strong circumstantial evidence against her, and the evidence given at the inquest on Durdan will be tendered, and two surviving witnesses will be called. Further, Mary Durdan has, since her arrival here, made a statement, in which she has admitted her guilt. But, on the other hand, Lord—Lord—Lord Millborough—your worships have his attested confession before you—has charged himself with the death of Richard Durdan."

This was the first clear statement of the position to the public in the court.

There was a gasp. Lord Millborough a murderer? Again the women in big hats brought their heads as close together as circumstances permitted.

"There—you see—an intrigue—with a mill-hand—fancy Lord Millborough—and the husband returns—how shocking! How squalid! Even as George Marchant he was in a big, recognised position. It's disgusting. If it had been a woman of his own class—"

"So, your worships, I have been instructed to proceed in the following manner, the charge against Mary Ryder being altered to one of attempt to murder, and that against—the solicitor stammered before he could get the name out—"against Lord Millborough, based on his own confession, of wilful murder."

Wilful murder! There is a grim, awful ring about the words. And Lord Millborough to be accused of wilful murder! Eyes stared into eyes incredulously. "And, your worships, in view of the complications of the case and the alleged association—at the time of the crime—of the two prisoners, I suggest to you respectfully that they be tried simultaneously."

The chairman assented.

"One moment," he said, addressing the solicitor, "in Lord Millborough's statement, the expression 'murder' does not occur. It is a confession, not of murder, but of having caused the death of Richard Durdan."

"Quite so, your worship, quite so. But the coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and I submit to you that the onus of proving that it was not wilful murder rests with the prisoner and those instructed with his defence."

Further, without wishing to anticipate your worship's course of action, the case will be presumably sent to trial and the question of murder, manslaughter, or homicide will rest with a jury. I may add, your worships, that my duties under the present circumstances, as yours must be, are painful beyond expression in consequence of Lord Millborough's distinguished association with this town!

The three magistrates nodded their heads slowly.

But those in the packed court were not watching them; eyes were on the dock. A clerk was calling out something.

Major Collett, beside the crown-solicitor, folded his arms and leant back, and he wondered what the woman at whose instigation all this had been brought about, would have given to have been present at this moment.

The man came first! He stepped to the ledge of the dock, gripped it with his lean hands, looking straight at the three magistrates, seeming unconscious of the crowd and the glaring eyes. The lines seemed to have been carved into his haggard face with a sharp knife that had cut deeply; but never a muscle twitched, and his mouth made a thin line.

Then the woman came into the dock, and women in court who could not see her properly because of heads and hats in the way, stood up unashamed in their curiosity and raked her with their eyes. So this was Mary Durdan—this?

Not half-a-dozen in the whole court had known her in the old days. To the most she was a stranger, and these had expected to see someone different from this shadowy woman with a young figure, a refined face, grey as a ghost's, and hair in which there still gleamed here and there a thread of gold.

How would they behave towards each other, these two in the dock?

Lord Millborough had turned as she came into the dock with a policeman-escort. And then the emotionlessness that he had so far displayed, that had commanded the wonder of those in court, failed him for a moment.

They saw a spasm twist the haggard face, the frightful, but brief twitching of the lips.

He was holding out a hand.

And for a moment it seemed to the staring eyes upon them that they only saw each other; that the court and all in it had faded away.

Their hands were clasped, eyes looked into eyes. The guardian policemen made no attempt to interfere.

"What a merciful thing!" whispered one of the

women in big hats, "that poor Lady Millborough is spared this!"

They had come forward to the ledge of the dock now, side-by-side, facing the bench. The clerk of the court read out the charges formally. This done, there was a hush broken by the rustling of men and women settling down in their seats.

But the silence became absolute, a moment later, save for the sound of Lord Millborough's voice.

"I killed Richard Durdan; but I plead not guilty to the charge of wilful murder. The blow was struck in a struggle. My confession is before you. My defence is the statement of the truth. I ask in the name of justice that this woman, who stands with me in the dock, be discharged. Her place is not here, but in the witness-box."

He did not glance at the woman beside him.

The solicitor for the Crown interrupted. Lord Millborough's personality was dominating the court, though he stood in the dock. The magistrates on the Bench could not forget that he was a brother-magistrate; had sat where they were sitting and had administered justice; could not forget how for years he had worked for the good of the town.

"Your worships," said the solicitor, "don't misunderstand me, or look upon my conduct as personal, but it is not for Lord Millborough—in his present position—to order the procedure of this court, and I must point out that at present his confession rests on his words alone—there is no corroborative evidence."

"Either in this court, or another, both Lord Millborough and Mary Durdan will have an opportunity of going into the witness-box, but I must protest against Lord Millborough's suggestion that the woman be dismissed from the case. Moreover, in his present position, he is not entitled to make such a suggestion. It is for the prisoners to plead either guilty or not guilty to the charges, and to make or reserve their defences."

"Lord Millborough," said the chairman, "that is so."

"In that case," he answered, "I repeat what I have said. I killed Richard Durdan, but I plead not guilty to wilful murder, and I reserve my defence!"

The chairman looked at the woman in the dock.

"You're charged, Mary Durdan, with the attempted murder of your husband. What do you plead?"

Then came the sensation, followed by what reporters call a scene in court.

"I am not guilty of attempted murder, or murder, but I killed—"

"No!" Lord Millborough had turned to her. "Mary, the truth!"

Lord Millborough had called her by her Christian name—his one-time mill-girl—in the court—before everybody. Women's heads were together!

To them it was as good as a confession of an illicit love-story.

In her unselfishness, "Mary Ryder" had sought to take all guilt and all blame on her head. But the man would not have it, and in his agony, his reverence, his love, and his remorse, forgetting surroundings, he had called her by her name.

"The truth. I call upon you solemnly—it is for the best—I know—"

"Silence!" from the Bench, rather a half-hearted "Silence!" for this was Lord Millborough. "We must ask you, Lord Millborough, to conform to the jurisdiction of this court—"

But he waved a lean hand at the magistrates, as if making a clean sweep of their jurisdiction and their attempt to call him to order.

"You will plead 'Not guilty'!"

He was commanding her with his eyes as well as his tongue, and his eyes were saying more than his tongue.

One of the two policemen in the dock, thinking it about time that he did something in the light of this flagrant contempt of court, pushed himself between the two, and muttered something about stopping it.

But Lord Millborough's eyes had spoken. They had asked her to do as he commanded her for the sake of their child as plainly, as eloquently, as pleadingly as any words.

The woman bowed her head.

"I withdraw," she said in a whisper, "what I said—I plead not guilty!"

"Poor Lady Millborough!" whispered one big-hatted woman to another similarly head-geared. "A merciful thing she's spared this. Calling her 'Mary'!"

"I'm waiting to see her fall on his neck and sob!" said the other.

But another, a humbler spectator in the court, a "big piece" from a mill, whispered differently.

"By gum, 'e's a man, and ah've always said so!"

But the woman in the big hat was disappointed. Mary Durdan did not fall upon the neck of Lord Millborough and sob. He had his wife and children. Each was thinking of Beth, the man praying that the stain of his sin might not cast its shadow over her, that for her sake the story of his sin might not be dragged out into the light, though else was.

Beth had not attempted to obtain a place in the magistrates' court. She could not have borne it; could not have endured to witness the torture of her

(Continued on next page.)

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mother and the man who had been revealed to her to be her father, whom she had grown to love and pity—and, not so strange perhaps as it may seem, to respect. So she had gone where she knew, if comfort and strength were to be found, she would find them.

To Drake. It was ironical that at such a crucial time he should be *hors de combat*; but had it been otherwise there was nothing much that he could have done. He had foreseen the possibility of the present tragic crisis when Lord Millborough had bared his soul to him, and even now he did not despair.

He had faith in the strength and personality of the man who had treated him like a son.

And he said as much, strongly and tenderly, when he came to him in the private room at the hospital. And presently he tried to distract her thoughts, and asked her about Fairy in London.

"She would be here," Beth told him, "just to be near mother, but her baby's ill. She's a good friend with her. I've written to her and told her—all that I could tell her in a letter—"

Then Drake asked one of his practical questions.

"How is she off for money, Beth?"

"He"—she spoke of Lord Millborough as "he"—"has been—"

"Just like him!" said Drake.

It was a hospital nurse who brought them the news from the court. She knew nothing of the inner relationships, but she did know that Mr. Drake was dear to Lord Millborough, and that the latter was keenly and deeply interested in his secretary's mill-pool sweetheart.

"Lord Millborough and Mary Durdan," she said in a hushed voice, "have been sent to take their trial at the next assizes!"

"Courage!" whispered Drake, when he and Beth were again alone. "Wait—hope! Don't cry—don't cry, my love!"

CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO.

A Chance Meeting.

SALVATION JEMMY'S beat, like Mrs. Paul's in the past, was chiefly along the Embankment. Here he

sought brands to be snatched from the burning, with a partiality for human brands in the shape of "old lags" and criminal offenders whom he had known in his own unregenerate days, before—as he put it—he gave his jemmy and his heart to Gawd.

But Salvation Jemmy sometimes failed, though he was ready to fight any number of rounds, despite the fact that he was not as young as he used to be, on condition that if he won, the beaten man went along with him to the Salvation Army quarters over the bridge.

Sometimes, however, he ran up against some old lag who would neither fight nor listen to his exhortations, and then the ex-duce of Bleakmoor told him forcibly what he thought of him, and, if under the stress of the moment, he used language too forcible, he subsequently prayed for forgiveness.

But he would never have given an old lag away to the police. He had gone to Bob Evans' assistance when Babbage *alias* Brown was taken in Corus-street, because Bob Evans had gone for Babbage. That was good enough for Salvation Jemmy. His great, rugged heart had gone out to the patient, sorrowful creature.

They were often together, and sometimes, when someone had passed them, Salvation Jemmy would say, "See 'im? He worked alongside me at Bleakmoor—He stretch for busting a case!" Or something to that effect.

Which, being interpreted, meant five years for burglary. Salvation Jemmy's eyes were keen as pellets under those tooth-brush brows of his.

There is a fashionable and unfashionable side to the Embankment, on the one side luxurious hotels, on the other free seats where night lodgings cost nothing.

Salvation Jemmy and Bob Evans had come from Corus Street. Bob Evans was dumb. The evening papers had been full of it—Lord Millborough's and Mrs. Paul's appearance in the police-court.

"I simply don't understand!" he had said, after reading all there was to read.

At Corus Street they had seen Rosie Gay for a few minutes, overwhelmed, too, but too busy to say much. Fairy's baby was ailing, and her hands were full.

It so happened that as they came along the Embankment, silent both, overwhelmed, that they were on the fashionable side, near Blackfriars. It was a few minutes before midnight, mist was about.

The motor-car that pulled up outside the Regency Hotel, very expensive, very exclusive, but quiet, was a handsome affair. The man who alighted wore a handsome coat with an astrakhan collar, and had a foreign cut about him. The bright hotel lamps overpowered the mist from the river. The woman he helped out wore magnificent furs. Her hair might

have been dyed, or have been a wig; her teeth were artificially perfect, but she had sharp, bad-tempered features.

Salvation Jemmy's gimlet eyes rested searchingly on the man; then, as he went on without halting, he gripped Bob Evans' arm in a clutch of steel.

"Lad," he said, "don't do nothing ridiculous—take what I'm goin' to tell you quiet. You saw 'im that went into the hotel—"

"I wasn't looking about me!" answered Bob Evans. "Take it quiet—that was Stanley Jack!"

"What?"

"The father of Fairy's child."

"No, lad!" Salvation Jemmy had Bob's arm in a vice. "No killin' of 'im. I've got yer tight. Gawd forgive my sinful 'eart—but I knows your feelings—for a couple o' pins—I'd twist 'is neck. No, no—that was the old Adam! Keep quiet, will yer, Bob, or I'll put the twist on you, and break your bloomin' arm. Come along over to the other side—where it's more quiet. If you was twice as strong as me you wouldn't get clear of the 'old I've got on you. Think of 'er!"

The squat ex-Duke of Bleakmoor was propelling Bob Evans through the thinning traffic to the unfashionable side of the Embankment.

"What's 'er prayer—what 'ave you told me yourself, Bob? That he can give the little 'un a father's name? Are you steadier now, lad? 'Ave you got your natural feelin' in 'and—the fust craving, same as mine was—to twist the dirty 'ound's 'ead off 'is shoulders—which with Gawd's grace I mastered. When you feels like that, pray sharp and quick before the mischief's done! 'E'll 'ear you—as 'E's 'card me many a time!"

The tension of Bob Evans' muscles was relaxing. "To give the little one a father's name!" he whispered. "Yes. Don't let me forget that. You can let go your hold. I'm sure of myself now. But I don't leave him, day or night, night or day, till he's done the right thing by my lass! And when he's done it, I'll—"

"Pray quick and sharp, lad, if you're feeling like that. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—'uman life being included—everything!"

Salvation Jemmy had his grip on Bob again. In the old, unregenerate days he had snapped a policeman's arm with it as if it had been a withy.

They stood by themselves against the Embankment parapet, not far from the spot where once together they had gone into the water to save a betrayed girl's life.

"The Lord punishes likewise, Bob! I know the feeling—to take the law into your own 'ands—and I've done it before I found Grace—'alf-killed, would 'ave quite killed, a so-called pal what split on me. Calm yerself, my lad."

"Stanley Jack!"

All that his Fairy had suffered, the shame and the bitterness, the wrecking of his own love-dream, had surged again through Bob Evans' brain. The desire to kill was on him again, as the name slipped out through his gritted teeth.

"Stanley Jack!"

"Quiet, Bob! Don't shout it out—"

As he uttered the name a huge figure lurched out of the misty darkness upon them.

A moleskin cap was drawn over his eyes; his trousers were strapped below the knees, and the sack over his huge shoulder contained rat-cages and rats.

Old Stump!

Returned as unexpectedly to Diver Street as he had gone from it; back again in the old cellar; back at the old game of catching rats—rats—rats!

His hair was like a shaggy, matted mane! There was something demoniacal in the sunken, glittering eyes.

A cottage in the village of Rushton was empty; the garden running wild, and the arbour in which the woman with scarred face and blind eyes could sit, screened from the eyes of neighbours, had no occupant now; but there was a new grave in the village churchyard.

Beatrice Delorme was dead, and Denman, the husband, was gone from Rushton, and Old Stump was back in Diver Street.

(Another long instalment next week.)

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

WILLIAM was lying on his bed, face downward, sobbing desolately. His mother took him in her arms, the whole eight years of him. In a few minutes she learned all. It was a girl, and she had sent him a note.

It read:

"Dere Willyum—"

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I always thought it was through working in cold draughts and taking a chill that brought on my trouble. I almost despaired of ever being a healthy man again, and it was with very little faith that I started to take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Before I had taken many of the pills, however, I began to feel decidedly better, so I gave the medicine a good trial, and now, I am glad to say, I am a different man altogether. I have no urinary troubles, and it is seldom I get any backache—only after a chill—and then a few doses of Doan's Pills soon stop the pain. (Signed) JAMES HOBBS.

2s. 9d. a box, 6 boxes 13s. 9d.; of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Don't ask for backache or kidney pills, ask for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, the same as Mr. Hobbs had.



He: "Yes, you're right; I used to ride an ordinary, but it's too much for me now, I've grown so awfully stout."
She: "Then why not take Antipon? That would very soon reduce your weight. I don't mind telling you in confidence that Antipon cured me of obesity months ago."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.

Laitova

Lemon Cheese

IRRESISTIBLE!

A daily spread
for the
children's bread.

It saves the
butter bill.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

If your grocer has not got "Laitova" Lemon Cheese, send us his name and address and 1/- P.O., and we will send you two large jars of "Laitova" and a packet of the new Kkovah Twin Jellies, carriage paid.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM Ltd., 23 Cornbrook, M. 24. MANCHESTER.

REAL BARGAINS.

THE assistants at a large linen-draper's shop were preparing for the yearly sale. "What shall I mark that lot of black silk?" asked an assistant of the employer.

"Mark the selling price 4s. 6d. a yard," was the answer.

"But it only cost 3s. a yard," said the astonished employee.

"I don't care what it cost, I am selling off regardless of cost," retorted the shop owner.

Closefist: "No, sir, I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor."

Openhand: "Who are the deserving poor?"

Closefist: "Those who never ask for assistance."

Inquisitive Old Gent: "Has your life been very adventurous?"

Ancient Salt: "Yes, I've seen some rough times, sir. Once we was wrecked, and we'd eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the old ship turned turtle, so we ate her, too."

"Why did you abandon your motor-car trip so abruptly?"

"Oh, my wife is so superstitious! After we had run over the thirteenth man she said we ought to turn back, otherwise she felt sure we should meet with some accident!"

Urbanite: "What did you come to the City for?"

Country Boy: "To earn an honest living."

Urbanite: "That's all right. You'll find no competition."

Teacher: "Willie, are there any feathered quadrupeds?"

Willie: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Name one?"

Willie: "A feather bed."

THOUGHT IT WAS SARAH.

Tired and dusty, a party were returning by rail from a holiday trip. Simkins, a little bald man, seated himself to read, but dropped off to sleep.

On the rack was a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up, and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring.

By careful investigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack. Down it fell, alighting on Simkins' shoulder, where it grabbed the man's ear to steady itself.

The passengers held their breath and waited for developments, but Simkins only shook his head and said: "Leggo, Sarah! I tell you I've been at the office all the evening!"

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

The Suffragette (smilingly): "Won't you do something to help our good cause along, Mr. Goodcraft?"

Mr. Goodcraft: "I'd like very much to do one thing for you, but I fear it's impossible."

The Suffragette: "Tut! tut! Nothing's impossible! What would you like to do for us?"

Mr. Goodcraft: "Endow a few cells in your favourite prisons!"

He: "Yes, darling, when I am with you I feel inspired—as if I could do some perfect thing."

She: "Maybe you could order a luncheon that I would like without consulting me."

ONE MORE TRY.

HE found his hair was leaving the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."



IN DEEP MOURNING.

Sarcastic Diner: "Waiter, what on earth is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burnt black!"
Sorrowful-looking Waiter: "Yessir. Mark of respect, sir. Our chef died yesterday."

PUT UP WITH ANYTHING.

ROSY McSHANE was a fairly good maid-of-all-work, but she was woefully slack in caring for her own room.

Her mistress was ill for two or three weeks, and on recovering she went up to Rosy's attic, and found it in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Very indignant, she called Rosy, and said:

"Rosy, I don't see how you can bear to have your room like this!"

Smiling pleasantly, Rosy made reply:

"Ah, ma'am, but I was iver patient."

Departing Guest: "I'd gladly give you a tip, waiter, but I find I've only a cab fare left."

Waiter (benignly): "Ah, sir, you don't appreciate the benefit of a good after-dinner walk!"

Mr. Lately Married: "But, dearest, I thought we had planned to go to the theatre this evening."

Mrs. Ditto: "Yes, love, but I have changed our mind."

"I HEAR you actually encourage your boy to send poetry to the magazines. Do you want your son to become a poet?"

"No; I merely want to get the conceit knocked out of him."

The Doctor: "Feeling better to-day?"

The Patient: "A little. But my heart still hurts me."

The Doctor: "Oh, I can stop that all right."

The Maid: "The professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The professor expects to go down to posterity."

From the laboratory: Br-r-r, bang!

The Visitor: "I hope the professor hasn't gone!"

WOULDN'T WORK THAT WAY.

A GENTLEMAN in the north had in his employ a groom who always wore an air of sadness and dejection. On going around his stables one morning, the gentleman was surprised to find his groom dangling in mid-air at the end of a trace, one end of which was tied to a beam in the roof, and the other end buckled around the man's waist.

"What on earth are you up to now?" queried the master.

"I am a-tryin' to hang me-sel', sir," said the groom, in a tired-of-life tone.

"Then why didn't you tie the trace round your neck?" said the employer, thoroughly tired of the man's foolishness.

"I did try it that way once, sir," came the reply in all solemnity, "but I couldn't breathe."



Other People's Jobs

I'M A SMELLER.

The Man whose Nose is His Fortune Tells His Story.

I SMELL. I get my living by smelling. For my work consists of selecting perfumes sent by the leading distillers to my employer, who is a big middleman in the perfumery trade. My nose, in fact, is my fortune—and not a bad fortune either, considering that a good "smeller" will get anything between £3 and £7 a week.

I am as necessary to my employer as is a taster in the tea, coffee, or spirit trades. You see, there are over three hundred different varieties of perfume sold to-day of which little more than twenty are derived direct from the flower. All sorts of ingenious chemical devices are used nowadays. And it is "up to me" to spot the process by which a new perfume has been produced. I can then gauge the approximate cost of manufacture and see that my firm does not pay an exorbitant price.

Smelling isn't as easy as it sounds. Anyone could tell the difference between perfumes extracted from different flowers. But suppose you were presented with some thirty unlabelled bottles, each

containing a separate extraction, of say, the rose, do you think you could put a name and a price on each one of them? Could you tell from what country each had come? I could.

I Daren't Box.

I have to be very careful of my nose. Like the taster, I have to be a non-smoker. The sensations of taste and scent are very closely allied. Both are diminished by tobacco. I cannot indulge in such sports as boxing, for to "tap the claret" might mean to "tap the income" for me. And I have to be very careful not to catch cold.

In spite of a belief to the contrary, men are much more sensitive to smell than women. Scientific tests have shown that man can detect an odour diluted five times as much as the most dilute solution in which woman can trace the same odour.

It is the upper part of the nose that does the smelling—the sensitive lining that is brown in colour, not red like the lining of the lower part. The sensation of smell is obtained by tiny particles flying off the object and striking the sensitive lining, just as vibrations strike the sensitive part of the ear and produce the sensation of sound.

In order that the particles may fly off properly, they must have plenty of air. So don't hold the scent bottle too close to the nose if you wish to appreciate the perfume to the full. The finer shades will be completely lost.

You can see by a very simple experiment how necessary air is. Hold a handkerchief dabbed with

eau-de-Cologne a fair distance from the nose. You will get the full scent. But put a drop of the scent just inside your nostril, and instead of receiving a much more powerful scent you will smell absolutely nothing.

Nothing is so good for the nose as a holiday. But it is very difficult to get—in fact, most of us have to do without it. The country is no good—further as scent-laden as the town. The only place where the nose gets a complete rest is in districts of unbroken snow. Arctic explorers have testified that, after a long sojourn in the practically scentless snowfields, their scent has been developed to almost canine extent. Nansen wrote that, when returning to one of his depôts, he could smell the scented soap of his comrade long before he could see him.

A Shilling a Smell.

Few persons know that there is a humbler branch of the smelling profession—that of smelling out gas. Anyone can smell gas in a house, but it is another matter to spot a leak in the street. It is still harder to tell where the smell goes stronger and so track it down to the leak.

As there is always a leakage going on somewhere about a big district, these men can do quite well. They are not, as a rule, salaried. They work "by chance," receiving a payment—generally a shilling—for each leak detected.

The energetic smeller will make between £2 and £3 a week in this way.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women, and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day, and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance, and giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is an instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no selves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in free coupon below and post to-day. It's well worth your time, whether you try my Appliance or not.

Cured in Five Months.

86 Grove Street, Freehold, Rochdale.
September 19, 1910.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines, to inform you that I have been successful with your Appliance. I consider I am cured of Rupture, having done without it for six weeks, and only had it on five months, having tried four years with other remedies. I shall be pleased to be of service to you when opportunity comes my way. Thanking you for the good you have done me.

Yours gratefully,
THOS. HOWARTH.

P.S.—Your Appliance is as good to-day as it was when I got it from you.

South African Athlete Cured.

Box 23, Colesberg, Cape Colony.
December 15, 1910.

Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in notifying you that the Appliance I ordered from you last year has absolutely cured me. I wore it for about twelve months, and I took it off for good last July, which is now six months ago, but my reason for not writing to you before was because I was anxious to make sure that I was all right again. I can assure you that I tried three other Spring and Steel Belts, but in this hot climate of South Africa it was absolute agony wearing them. I played Rugby Football last winter with your Appliance on all the season. I play tennis three times a week, and do a good deal of swimming, so I am convinced that any man putting one of your Appliances and wearing it properly will be cured, as I am an active chap and go in for all sport, including riding on horseback. I shall be pleased to write to any party in South Africa for your recommendation your Appliance, as my own opinion is that no man can possibly do so unless he has been or is ruptured himself. I had fully made up my mind to undergo an operation had your Appliance not cured me. In conclusion, I hardly know how to thank you sufficiently for what you have done for me, as sometimes I used to get so despondent, all on account of being ruptured, and words cannot express my gratitude towards your firm, and wishing you all success.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST WEDDELL.



The above is O. E. BROOKS, Inventor of the Appliance, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him to-day.

Blacksmith Cured after 20 Years' Suffering.

Smith's Shop, Kingstone, Hereford,
September 25, 1910.

To O. E. Brooks, Esq.

Dear Sir,—For over 20 years I have suffered from rupture. During that period I have spent pounds in seeking a remedy. When I heard of you I had doubts, for I thought it would be simply another case of failure and expense. Just over six months ago I decided to give you a trial, and I found relief very quickly. But, the best of all, I am pleased to inform you that for over two months I have not used the Appliance, for I am perfectly cured. I am a blacksmith, and can do all the heavy work without being troubled in any way. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours very gratefully,
THOMAS PHILLIPS.

West Indian Gentleman Cured.

Attorney-General's Chambers,
Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.
December 8, 1910.

Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to be able to inform you that the "truss" (?) I got from you in September is a complete success. It has supported my rupture perfectly since I first wore it. I have been ruptured since I can remember, and tried at different intervals several makes of trusses without success. I was beginning to think I should have to undergo an operation, as the rupture was gradually getting worse.

Now, however, I consider myself practically cured. To my mind, one of the great points about your invention is that one does not feel its pressure anywhere, although that pressure never actually relaxes. After the first few days I have not felt its presence any more than I do my trousers' suspenders. You are quite welcome to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours truly,
L. H. WHITEHEAD.

Reverend Gentleman Grateful.

Stonyhurst College, Blackburn,
October 13, 1909.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.

Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention, and the benefit I have derived from its use. That all you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) P. O'CONNOR.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for the Brooks
Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to day.

Remember :

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in free coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. BROOKS, 442B, BANK BUILDINGS (Corner of Portugal Street), KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name

Address

(Please write plainly.)

THE WICKED COUNTESS
OF SHREWSBURY.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that a woman is rarely altogether wicked, but that when she is so she is far worse than any man.

And, in truth, it would be hard to find any person of either sex whose record for immorality, treachery, and cruelty is able to surpass that of Anna Maria Countess of Shrewsbury, for whom even the corrupt, easy-going Court of Charles II. proved too strict and straight-laced.

Most women of fashion, even in those days, contented themselves with one lover at a time, but the wicked Countess must needs have several gallants dancing attendance upon her. This led, naturally, in an age when every gentleman wore a sword, to frequent sanguinary encounters, a form of "sport" in which her ladyship seemed to find endless pleasure and amusement.

One of her earliest victims was Captain Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, a young man of blameless life and stainless honour. Fascinated by her beauty, he allowed himself to be persuaded into taking her to supper at Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, then a favourite pleasure resort of the aristocracy. On the same evening the Countess made an appointment to sup there with Mr. Jermyn, a nephew of Lord St. Albans, and an old lover of hers, of whom, however, she had tired, and from whom she wished to be rid.

From Words to Blows—and then Swords.

Jermyn was the most reckless swashbuckler and the deadliest duellist of his time—a man whose morals were as low as his temper and courage were high. The result of the meeting was exactly what her ladyship desired and expected. Each of the two men deemed the other an intruder, and from words they very quickly came to blows. Swords were drawn, and several passes were made, the Countess meanwhile clapping her little hands in glee and urging on both the duellists in turn.

But the impromptu battle was interrupted by some of the bystanders, who forced the angry men to quit the gardens by different exits. Next morning before breakfast, however, in accordance with the savage code of honour then in vogue, challenges were sent and accepted on both sides.

The duellists met at daybreak in Pall Mall, then a secluded, shady retreat, and the seconds on both sides took part in the fighting. Colonel Giles Rawlins, Mr. Jermyn's second, was killed, and Jermyn himself was carried off the field of battle, to all appearance a dead man. After hovering between life and death, however, for two months, he eventually recovered.

Captain Howard and his second were unwounded, much to the Countess's chagrin, who spread about the report that they had worn armour under their clothing. This, in a duelling age, was the one unpardonable sin, and both men, unable to prove their innocence, were forced to fly the country.

Didn't Mind the King's Scorn.

On the night of the duel the Countess, radiant and smiling, appeared at a Court ball, and danced till daybreak, although the King showed his displeasure by pointedly turning his back upon her. "But for this," said the Count de Gramont, who was present, "she cared little. Indeed, I would lay a wager that if she had a man killed for her every day she has lived, she would only carry her head the higher."

The Countess now formed a plan to get rid of her husband, who stood somewhat in the way of her amours, and of whom in any case she was heartily tired. To this end she enlisted the services of my Lord Aran, the son and heir of the Duke of Ormond.

This young man had captivated her wayward fancy for a while, and she had succeeded in completely enmeshing him in her net. She possessed letters of his, compromising documents, in which certain important State secrets were revealed. Holding these over his head as a threat, she gave him his choice between committing suicide and challenging her husband to a duel and killing him.

reckless Duke of Buckingham.

Warned, however, by Aran's refusal to be a party to her plans, her ladyship this time adopted an altogether different method. There were some lengths, she realised, to which even the men she held enthralled would not go to please her.

She, therefore, deliberately arranged matters so that her husband should catch her with Buckingham in a situation so compromising that the Earl would be forced to challenge the Duke. This time her abominable project did not miscarry.

Nor was the Earl under any illusion as to the reason of the duel into which he had been forced or the outcome of it. He was not at all an accomplished swordsman, whereas Buckingham was one of the best fencers in England.

"I am going to my death to please that wicked wanton, my wife," exclaimed poor Shrewsbury to his valet, as he was being dressed for the fight.

Hugged Her Husband's Murderer.

Six persons took part in the battle, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Shrewsbury, and the two seconds on either sides, and no more desperate encounter is recorded in the annals of duelling. Not one of the six escaped unwounded. Lord Shrewsbury was run through the body and died soon afterwards. Mr. Jenkins, one of the Duke's seconds, was killed outright.

Meanwhile the Countess, disguised as a page in the Buckingham livery of crimson and black—fitting colour emblems for so foul a deed—had accompanied her lover to the field of battle; held his horse as, with sparkling eyes, she saw her husband receive his death-blow; and, when all was over, flung her arms round the assassin's neck and kissed him passionately. Not content with thus openly flaunting her shameful crime, the Countess, still attired in her page's dress, drove with the Duke from the place of the encounter to his own home, where she installed herself as his mistress in the sight of the world. The same carriage which bore her to the door carried away in it, when it left, the poor, outraged wife of the Duke, who retired broken-hearted to her father's house.

But now a storm of popular execration arose that threatened to overwhelm the callous couple with its violence. The great Duke of Buckingham was above the law, but neither he nor his mistress were entirely out of the reach of public opinion.

Every Hand Against Them.

And public opinion quickly showed itself, and in no unmistakable fashion. Howling mobs followed the Duke and the Countess whenever they ventured out of doors, either together or singly. Every pulpit in England rang with denunciations of them. The Press took up the cry. They were held up to ridicule on the stage.

In this latter connection an actor named Harry Killigrew—a son of that better-known Tom Killigrew to whose enterprise we owe Drury Lane Theatre and the Italian Opera—made himself specially obnoxious to the Countess, whose rage was heightened by the fact that he, too, had once been a lover of hers, a fact which he now openly proclaimed and boasted about. She determined that of him, at all events, an example should be made.

A man of low estate, it was of course impossible for the Duke to challenge him. Other means must be devised. Accordingly, six bravos were hired by the Countess and instructed to murder Killigrew. They were to be paid one hundred guineas apiece, but the Countess stipulated that she was to be present when the murder was committed, so as to be able to gloat over her victim's terror.

The gang's chance came with the production of a new play, when the unhappy actor, detained late at Drury Lane, was obliged to travel down after dark to his house at Turnham Green. He was followed by Lady Shrewsbury and her gang of murderers, the chaise was headed off, and Killigrew, who was lying back asleep at the time, was wounded by a

Contrary to her ladyship's expectation, Lord Aran chose rather to die by his own hand than to oblige her by committing murder, and although his attempt at suicide was not successful, her plan to get her husband put out of the way also miscarried. In this dilemma she enlisted the services of yet another of her lovers, the profligate and

sword-thrust which pierced his neck and came out at the shoulder.

A general *mêlée* followed, the Countess meanwhile standing up in her carriage and urging on her bravos, crying out, as she saw them slashing and hacking at the prostrate man: "Kill the villain! Stab him to the heart!" Nor did she drive off until satisfied that he was dead.

How the Actor Saved His Life.

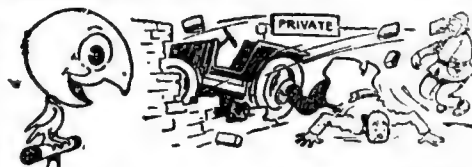
She was, however, balked of her revenge after all, for the man whose murder she thus witnessed and encouraged was not Killigrew, as in the darkness she imagined, but his servant. The actor had swooned at the first blow, and sank down in a huddled heap on the floor of the chaise, thereby saving his life.

This dreadful crime was to prove the last of a too long list. The House of Lords took up the case, and although neither the Duke nor the Countess were formally brought to trial, they were ordered to separate, and fined £10,000 apiece.

The rage of the people against them, too, ran to so great a pitch that their lives were in imminent danger, and the wicked Countess was glad to fly the kingdom and take refuge in a French convent.

Years later she returned to England, married an obscure country squire, and settled down to a humdrum existence in a little Somersetshire village. The county gentry ignored her, the villagers hated her so greatly that even her charity was hung back in her face, while her peace of mind was so poisoned towards the end by remorse that she died raving in delirium, haunted by the ghosts of the many gallant gentlemen she had slain so remorselessly.

(Next week: "The Milliner's Girl Who Became France's Uncrowned Queen.")

LAST
LINES
WITHOUT
RHYMES.

£10

OFFERED
FOR
PARROT'S
REMARKS.

SNOOKS has taken to motoring. Of course, he wanted to drive the car himself, and he did.

But, alas! he soon found it was not so easy as he thought. When trying to avoid a wall he turned the wheel the wrong way. There was a nasty smash up, and the Parrot, who was there, had a few things to say.

Add a last line to the verse below stating what you think the Parrot said.

This last line that you add need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three, and should have some bearing on the rest of the verse.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

While driving a motor one day,
Old Snooks steered right into a wall;
As he fell with a crash on the road,
The Parrot was then heard to bawl:

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "Keep your seat, old man."

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Parrot's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. If you have a pen picture of the Parrot, it may be enclosed in an envelope.
2. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his real name and address. This condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to prize.
4. Mark your postcard "Motor" on the top left-hand corner. All cards must arrive not later than Thursday, May 23rd.
5. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
6. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on the understanding only.

Result of "Cliff" Parrot Contest.

The prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to H. E. Booth, 355 New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, for the following:

Snooks thought mountaineering good sport,
As he climbed up a steep cliff one day;
But he slipped and fell right from the top,
And the Parrot cried out, so they say:

"Broken English" is common round here."

Ten Consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

M. J. Brennan, Ivy House, Cratloe, Co. Clare; J. E. Castle, 7 Caxton Rd., Wimbledon; Miss M. Deane, 8 Portman Sq., W.; M. J. Dobson, 8 Bury St., Oswaldtwistle; C. E. Larkin, Guildford House, Wokingham Ave., Bexhill-on-Sea; J. C. Linsley, Mount St. Michael, Rothsay; C. M. C. Mann, 7a Oxenford St., Peckham; G. P. Nash, 4 West St., Raunds, Wellingborough; A. J. Seaton, The Anchorage, Rothwell, Leeds; Miss Solly, 171 High St., Margate.

MONEY



TIME is money. Monkey Brand is time saving. It cleans brightwork, woodwork, paintwork, quickly and easily.

MONKEY BRAND

saves labour and therefore saves money. Monkey Brand prevents Brass, Tin and Copper Ware from tarnishing. It saves metal and shines it.

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD—
TIN LIKE SILVER—
PAINT LIKE NEW.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LTD.

M 22-15

COUNTRY LIFE

Cigarettes

MEDIUM STRENGTH.

50 FOR 1/-

"Country Life" Cigarettes

are manufactured only from Rich, Ripe
Virginia Tobacco of Fine Quality.

10 for 2½d. 20 for 5d.

— 50 for 1/- —

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

"When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall
be my servants instead."

Rudyard Kipling.

DAINTY DISHES.

Champagne Wafers.

Take six ounces of powdered sugar and three well-beaten eggs, add three ounces of flour, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and beat together thoroughly. Drop a teaspoonful of this mixture on small flat baking tins and spread out very thinly. Bake for three minutes in a hot oven. When brown at the edge they are cooked and should be taken out of the oven and rolled round a stick, the thickness of the little finger, very quickly before they harden.

Stewed Brisket of Beef.

Take about six pounds of beef, and before dressing it rub over with vinegar and salt. Place in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover it and allow to simmer for an hour, skimming it well all the time. Put in six carrots, the same number of turnips, six small onions, and simmer for two hours. As soon as cooked remove the bones. Boil for a few minutes as much gravy as will be required with flour, a little butter, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Pour some of this over the brisket and send the remainder to table in a separate dish.

Ox-Foot Soup.

Scald the ox-foot and boil it in two quarts of stock for two hours, adding more water or stock, if required. Then take out the foot, cut the meat into small pieces, put the pieces back in the stock, flavour with herbs or any vegetables which may be preferred, and allow to simmer slowly for two hours more. Then strain off the liquor and put it on one side till next day, when it will be a thick jelly. Take off all fat, return the soup to the saucepan, add the pieces of meat, which were strained off the day before, thicken with flour and simmer for two hours. Serve very hot.

Savoury Mutton.

Take a breast of mutton, put it in warm water, and allow it to simmer till tender enough to remove the bones. Do not let it get fully cooked. A few carrots, turnips, and pepperorns should be boiled with it, and a seasoning of salt. Prepare a seasoning of breadcrumbs, suet, a little finely chopped onion, parsley, and mixed herbs, then add to this a slice of bacon cut into thin little strips. Take the meat from the saucepan, lay it on a chopping board, and remove the bones, sprinkle the meat with the seasoning and lay the strips of bacon at regular intervals along it, dredge with flour, pepper and salt. Roll the joint and tie with a piece of string. Roast till cooked and nicely browned. Serve on a hot dish garnished with baked onions and brown gravy.

2 American Dishes.

Boston Baked Beans.

Place two pints of haricot beans in water slightly salted, and bring them to the boil. Strain off the water, and put the beans in a stewing jar, and pour in water until it nearly reaches the top. Then add a tablespoonful of treacle, pepper, and a piece of salt pork. Cover with a lid and bake slowly for three hours.

Slaw.

Warm a quarter of a pint of vinegar and half an ounce of butter in an enamelled pan. Shred the leaves of a nice cabbage finely and put it into the vinegar, sprinkle it with a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of celery seed and a pinch of salt. Cook gently for a few minutes. Beat up one egg lightly, add to the contents of the pan, and stir and cook for three or four minutes longer. Serve cold.

Simple Home Remedy
For Wrinkled Faces
(From Popular Toiletries.)

Thousands of women are spending fortunes in their frantic efforts to remove the signs of premature age from their faces. When in this state of mind a woman will spend almost any amount of money on worthless wrinkle removers, of which there are many.

If these women only knew it, the most effective remedy imaginable is a simple, harmless astringent jelly which can be had from any chemist. They have only to buy about a shillingworth of jelly of persidium. Apply this daily as if it were cold cream. The effect is almost magical. Even after the first treatment a marked improvement is noticed, and the face has a snug, firm feeling that is most pleasing.

DRESSING A BOY FOR
NOTHING.

How I Dressed George, Aged Six.

By A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

DRESSING George on nothing a year is not quite so easy a task as managing for Marjorie, still I contrive to keep him pretty well provided for without incurring any extra expense.

While he was still in petticoats I had no difficulty, but now that he has reached the age of six and considers himself quite a man, his little outfits require more careful consideration, and, as I can



George's tunic suit made from an old overcoat.

seldom find anything amongst my own discarded garments suitable for him, I have to raid his father's wardrobe for what is necessary.

For the coming summer I wanted a tunic suit, and a sailor one, if I could anyhow get them, and with my usual — shall I say luck? — I have secured both.

I found an old grey tweed overcoat, decidedly the worse for wear. The sleeves were almost threadbare, but for a little tunic suit for a child of six only a trifling amount of material will do. As the coat was a rather full double-breasted one, I guessed I should have enough.

I ripped it to pieces, removed the lining, and laid the two front pieces and the back on the table, brushed them thoroughly, and pressed them with a warm iron.

Then I placed the pieces of the tunic and the little trousers upon the pieces of tweed, choosing the freshest and best portions, cut them out, machined up the seams and pressed them.

A lining was, of course, necessary, and I was forced to wash and iron the pieces of lining I had removed from the overcoat. They were a kind of Italian cloth and washed better than I had expected, while the piece which had originally lined the back and a portion of one of the fronts were sufficient to line George's whole suit.

For the sailor suit I utilised an old serge coat, a sort of navy blue reefer jacket, which, when ripped up, sponged, and pressed, easily provided enough material for the tiny knickers which I wanted.

Next came the question of blouses for the sailor suit.

These I wanted to be washing ones for summer wear, and, though there were several pieces of serge left over from which I could have made one at least, I did not wish to use it.

Then a bright idea struck me. Why not commandeer some of his father's old shirts? I decided to have a good hunt amongst them, both new and old. I found two, a white flannel tennis shirt and an old blue cotton one, out of which the colouring was nearly all washed.

Though collar and cuffs as well as fronts were all frayed, there was still enough material to make two of the tiny blouses out of each shirt, including the large sailor collars, if these were lined with plain cotton.

So far as the flannel ones were concerned, a cotton lining to the collar was a decided advantage, and the blue cotton ones looked quite smart with it when I had worked an anchor in each corner with coarse crochet cotton.

A navy serge tie for the sailor's knot completed the suit, and I felt rather proud when they were finished that the whole summer outfit had not cost one penny.



A sailor suit made from a coat and some old shirts.

HOME HINTS.

To Freshen-up Old Venetian Window Blinds
Brush thoroughly with linseed oil.

A Ripe Tomato

Will remove ink stains from the hands or from linen.

After Peeling Onions

Wash the hands in mustard water to remove the smell.

Money

Should always be kept in the dark to preserve it in good condition.

To Clean Oilcloth

Pin a wet towel over a broom and rub on the oilcloth or linoleum.

To Drive Away Mice

Scatter camphor in their usual haunts. This will drive them away completely.

To Remove Wine Stains

Hold the stained portion of the cloth in boiling milk until all traces have disappeared.

Vinegar

Should never be kept in stone jars, as this spoils it and renders it unfit for use.

When Boiling Clear Soup

Add a small lump of sugar to the saucepan. This will give it an added brilliancy.

Corks

May be made both air and water-tight if immersed for five minutes in boiling oil.

When Feeding Chickens

Add a little chopped onion to their food, as this is most healthy for the young birds.

For a Damp Cupboard,

Fill a small box with lime and place it on a shelf. This will keep the air dry and sweet.

Cold Tea

Is excellent for cleaning all sorts of painted wood except white. This should be cleaned with milk.

To Clean Zinc,

Mix together lime and water to the consistency of thick cream. This will not only clean, but brighten it.

To Remove Rust from the Inside of a Dish Cover,

Rub the rust well with sweet oil and leave for a day or two, then rub with finely-powdered unslacked lime until all the rust disappears. Give another rubbing with oil, and keep in a dry place. — (Reply to H. CUTMORE.)

3 Sewing-Machine Hints.

When a Machine Works Stiffly,

Place it near the fire so that the working parts may get warm. If this does not make them run quite smoothly apply a little oil.

Once in Three Weeks

Take out the screw which holds the footplate, remove it, and clean out the fluff which accumulates there.

Clean all the Grooves

Under the plate with a penknife, and the machine will work smoothly and easily. The needle must be removed before cleaning the grooves or removing the foot-plate.

A LESSON FROM FRANCE.

Prior to the year 1689, or thereabout, the butchers of London made no use of ox tails, which were sent to the tanners of Bermondsey attached to the hides. With the advent of certain French refugees, the value of the tail became known. These unfortunate people bought the ox tails for a mere trifle and converted them into soup, which was soon found to be of excellent quality. The French also used concentrated foods in the shape of dried fruits renowned for the enormous proportion of powerful nutriment they contain, and of these the finest is the ever popular Currant, which has been praised by the most eminent men of science. Fortunately the Currant has ever been in high favour by reason of its delicious flavour, and people have learnt by experience that Currants are very satisfying and lasting in their effect. Thus the addition of Currants to bread or any other foodstuff is as a tower of strength to the consumer. It is as well to know that the cheap little dried grape is as nourishment and easily digested.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS

**Proprietor of Large Pleasure Resort Testifies to
ZAM-BUK'S Complete Success In Healing Visitors'
CUTS, WOUNDS, & BRUISES, & PREVENTING FESTERING & BLOOD-POISON.**



MANY sensational experiences of Zam-Buk's unique healing powers are testified to by Mr. W. G. Gardner, proprietor of the popular Riddlesdown Pleasure Resort, Kenley, Surrey. Mr. Gardner, who is well-known in Friendly Society circles as a prominent Forester and Odd Fellow, said to a London Pressman:—

"I cater for 140,000 visitors during the summer, mostly large parties of school-children. Romping about the pleasure grounds they often fall and get badly cut and bruised. I have dressed scores of bad wounds with Zam-Buk, and never in a single instance has there been any subsequent festering or soreness, but always quick, clean, and painless healing.

"It was a personal experience which taught me Zam-Buk's superior healing virtues. I was attending a meeting in the Victoria Theatre, London, some years ago, and in stepping over the seats my foot slipped over the edge. Quite eight inches of skin was torn from the leg. Seeing blood streaming down my leg, a theatre attendant ran to my aid. 'I'll soon put that right,' he said, taking from his pocket a little green box which I afterwards learned contained Zam-Buk.

"Having cleansed the wound, the attendant smeared the Zam-Buk over it, and bound my leg up with a

handkerchief. 'Whatever this balm is,' I said, 'it is wonderfully soothing.' I got some Zam-Buk myself, and kept applying it to my leg. Zam-Buk's action was really wonderful. The balm took away all soreness and inflammation, checked festering, and prevented dangerous complications arising. Having thoroughly cleansed and sweetened the wound, Zam-Buk healed it with a new healthy skin. It was really splendid healing.

"I decided there and then to adopt Zam-Buk for regular use at my Pleasure Resort, and as a first-aid this rich balm has proved really wonderful. I have witnessed its complete success in dozens and dozens of cases.

"I feel perfectly satisfied that with Zam-Buk always handy my staff or visitors are certain of quick and clean healing of their cuts or sores, and are safeguarded against festering or blood-poison."

Zam-Buk, which is sold in sealed packages only, at 1/6, 2/6, or 4/6, is obtainable of all chemists. Beware of cheap and worthless substitutes.



MR. W. G. GARDNER,
Kenley, Surrey.

**Test Zam-Buk Yourself
FREE OF COST.**

You can obtain a free trial of this famous healing balm by simply sending this Coupon, along with 1d. stamp (simply for return postage), to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds. *Pearson's Weekly, May 23, 1912.*

Zam-Buk

Should Always Be Kept Handy.

EVERY BEETLE
is a dead Beetle once "Keating's" comes into thorough contact with it. Sold in Tins only. 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1/-.
The unrivalled way to kill beetles and all household insects is, use—
KEATING'S POWDER

WORLD'S CYCLE RECORD
M. Flanagan on a 7 years old MEAD "Coventry Flyer"
Won Cycling's Great Century Competition and Gold Medal.
34,366 Miles in 288 Days
Beat 150 competitors on up-to-date cycles of all makes.
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**"ADAM'S"
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"There's delight in every bite."
CLARNICO LILY CARMELS
Delicious, creamy sweets made with fresh milk, pure sugar, and crisp new season's almonds.
Made by Clarke, Nicholls & Coombe, Ltd., London.

CATESBYS Ltd
A Department Store for the people

SMALL DEPOSIT GETS THE COSTUME.



In the opinion of Fashion leaders, Messrs. Catesby have achieved a notable triumph with the "Sandringham" Costume. It is without question one of the smartest and most pleasing designs ever seen in tailor-mades.

43/6 EASY TERMS

2/- in the £ discount for cash.

Messrs. Catesbys are anxious that ladies who are unable to pay them a personal visit should have an opportunity of learning something of the many merits of the "Sandringham" Costume, and for that purpose offer—quite free of charge—a charming selection of the latest fabrics in which "Sandringhams" are made. Together with these will be sent Catesbys Fashion Guide and accurate self-measurement form, by using which you can order your costume quite safely by post, being assured of a completely satisfactory fit.

SANDRINGHAM COSTUME
Is sent on a Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money back.

Made of fine Coating Serge in Navy, Blue, Brown, Grey, or Black. The coat is semi-fitting, with collar and refers of self-material. Front and back are trimmed with small black bone buttons. The coat is lined with Grey Polonaise Silk. The skirt (unlined) is made with a panel front, trimmed with bone buttons to match coat; there is also box-pleat at the back.

CATESBYS LTD.

(Dept. 7), 64-67 Tottenham Court Rd., LONDON, W.



Razor Edged Retorts

A FINE NUMBER.

I HAVE a treat in store for you in my next week's Double Whitsun number. I think this issue will be one of the best we have ever published.

As I have announced elsewhere, a new short serial story, entitled, "A Daughter of the Dawn," will start; the first of a striking real life series of articles, entitled, "Three Years in Two Madhouses," will appear. This is an actual chapter from a tragic life, and is an intensely interesting sidelight on the way the insane are treated. Still another series starts in this issue. "Under Life's Crust," as it is called, is a number of graphically told incidents collected by one of my most clever writers. Each incident is an actual experience, and the first tells of his visit to a large ward full of poor little newborn babies in a maternity hospital in London.

Then there is a splendid long complete story, several short stories, and one of the most ingenious picture puzzles I have ever seen. The solver of this puzzle will be the richer by some good red gold.

Last, but by no means least, is the Middles Competition, the contest that is going to pay for your summer holiday. Another list of prize-winners will appear, and a fresh contest with, I hope, increased prize money.

WHY IS A COLLIER LIKE A CANARY?

THERE doesn't seem to be much likeness between a collier and a canary, does there? But many of my readers have shown me that the two are really very much alike, and the clever way in which they have proved the resemblance in one of the Footline Competitions has provided me with much amusement during the past week. One reader, in reply to the question "Why is a collier like a canary," suggested that it was "Because he is generally 'pit'ied since he entered a 'cage'."

Another wrote that the two are alike because "they often have 'o work for a mere 'song'."

"Because he is glad to see some 'green stuff' now and again" is the point of resemblance discovered by a third competitor, while in the opinion of the fourth a collier is like a canary "because he likes his nest 'well-feathered.'"

So you see there is a striking likeness even in the unlike. Results of Footline Contests appear on red page opposite.

MIDDLING PARTIES!

WHIST-DRIVES have been declared illegal, and bridge parties are going out of fashion. MIDDLE-CLASS has invented a new form of recreation. He writes: "I have discovered an absolutely new way of amusing one's friends. A few weeks ago we had a party of eight people. I provided each one with a paper and pencil and a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. We all sat round a table and evolved 'Middles,' it being agreed that the best four 'Middles' should be sent in, and that any prize should be divided, the sender of the winning 'Middle' getting 10 per cent. more than the rest. Although we haven't had any success at present, the idea has proved so fascinating that the same party gathers together each week and spends a happy hour or two with paper and pencil. Some day we shall carry off a big prize!"

Excellent, MIDDLE-CLASS. Now you have started the idea, I expect that there will be "Middling" parties everywhere. A craze like this is bound to catch on, and certainly you would find it difficult to spend a more pleasurable evening at so little expense. Not only that, but one of these fine evenings you will perhaps gather together and congratulate yourselves upon sharing up one of the big prizes you are after. Turn to the first page, where you will find another list of words upon which to try your skill.

FLOWERS FOR HIS LADYLOVE.

ENGAGED raises quite an interesting point for lovers. He writes: "Each evening when I meet my sweetheart I make a point of giving her a bunch of flowers. These flowers have cost me on an average sixpence a day. Now I am not exactly a wealthy man—in fact, I am a clerk—and it has struck me that if I put the three-and-six into the bank every week, I shall have saved quite a substantial sum towards a nest-egg by the time we get

married. I am afraid, however, that if I leave off giving my sweetheart her regular bunch of flowers that she will think I don't love her any longer."

Nonsense, ENGAGED. I think it an excellent idea, as a matter of fact, to pay little attentions as you have done. But, after all is said and done, you two want to set up housekeeping together, and if by dropping the flowers and saving the money you can make the happy day come nearer, then by all means stop giving the lady her flowers. If you tell her exactly why you are doing so, I am sure that she will fall in with your views, especially if she is as keen to get married as you are. You could still give her one bunch of flowers a week, couldn't you?

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

THAT there is honour among thieves is an old belief. PINCH is one of those who holds that belief. He writes: "I have been having an argument with a friend about the saying 'There is honour among thieves.' He says there isn't any honour among them, but I am sure that there is. If a thief were to give away one of his pals, they would never forget it, and his life would be made pretty uncomfortable, to say the least of it. I think the average thief would find it better to keep his mouth shut in the long run."

I am afraid that your friend is more right than you are, PINCH. There is very little honour among thieves, whatever the saying may state. If two burglars are arrested for the same crime, and one can gain anything by giving away the other, you may be pretty certain that he will say all he knows.

£250 WON THIS WEEK.

In Football Contest No. 35 competitors were invited to forecast the results of football matches played on Saturday, April 27th.

MR. GEORGE CLARKE,
128 Camden Street, N.W.,

succeeded in forecasting the results of all the matches correctly, and we have pleasure in rewarding his skill by awarding him the prize of £250.

As the football season is now concluded, our football skill competition has been brought to a close, but readers should turn to the "Middles" Competition announced on the first page. This week the first prize-winner in "Middles" No. 10 receives £76 13s. 6d.

There are exceptions, of course, as there are exceptions to every rule. A few thieves look upon thieving as one of the professions, and would never dream of giving away a pal. But your average thief is a poor, soulless individual at the best.

REGISTERED ENVELOPES.

"Why are the blue lines placed across registered envelopes?" asks POSTY. "I have asked a good many post-office officials, but none of them have any idea what the reason is. Perhaps you can settle the difficulty for me."

I'll do my best, POSTY. Formerly registered letters were tied up with green string. This was before envelopes were as perfect as they are now. Now that they can be fastened down securely, the use of the string is unnecessary to make them more secure. But the blue cross lines are retained still, and form a ready way of identifying these registered envelopes.

A HUNDRED TONS OF LOVE.

ALL who have loved and all who hope to love in the future please read this letter from A. E. B. He writes: "I have kept company with my young lady for seven years, visited her three times a week, and had six miles to walk on each occasion. I may say that she turns the scale at sixteen stone, so my loving works out as follows: Fifty-two weeks, three times a week for seven years—1,092 visits. Each visit I walked six miles. Total, 6,552 miles. Considering her sixteen stone, I find that during my 1,092 visits I have nursed 17,472 stone of human goodness; well over a hundred tons. And now, dear Editor, she has cut me."

Here the letter ends abruptly. A tear blot is the only sign of the anguish the writer must have felt as he wrote those terrible words "She has cut me." Alas! A hundred tons of human goodness have refused to be good any longer, from A. E. B.'s standpoint. How can one sympathise in such a case? Tears are wasted where a hundred solid tons of human flesh are concerned. A. E. B., let this serve

as a warning to you. Let the next young thing be thin as a willow and as airy as a fairy. Let her be such a one that she skips over the ground as lightly as a deer. Love lightly, but love truly. I am sending you a penknife, which I hope will not cut you like the heartless sixteen stoner.

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

Amount previously acknowledged, £233 8s. 11d.
Mrs. Gorrings, £5; A. L. Wheeler, £2 2s.; Mrs. Henry J. Mason, £10; Major and Miss Lambert, £2; E. Steane Price, £10; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bilbrough, £8 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. F. Y. Finch, £8 2s.; A. Charles, 9d.; A. E. D., 1s. 6d.; Etheldreda, 1s. 6d.; H. M. C., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; More Again, 2s. 2d.; H. F. C., 1s.; bell, 1s.; Anon., 9d.; S. Barney, 2s. 3d.; F. W. Smith, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. and Miss Wood, £2 2s.; Col. W. Cummings, £1 1s.; C. H. Lomar, £1 1s.; Mrs. Parker Jones, £1 1s.; Mrs. M. A. Slater, £1 1s.; Mrs. E. Riggs, £2 2s.; Dr. E. H. Crisp, £1 1s.; General Haig, £1 1s.; M. J. Cottell, 10s.; Miss F. Gray, £1 1s.; Mrs. H. F. Tinker, £1; Godfrey Leach, £1; W. F. Burdick, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. G. A. Carleton, £1; A. Featherstone, £2 2s.; Mrs. Norma Carrington, 1s. 6d.; W. R. Robinson, 5s.; MacAndrew, 10s. 9d.; Conducted, 9d.; G. H. Redwood, £1 1s.; Two Sisters, 3s.; H. E. Hudson, 2s. 6d.; G. A. £1; Mrs. L. Howe, £1 1s.; Repentant, 3s.; Miss Hart, 10s.; Mrs. Meiklejohn, 10s.; Anon., 9d.; A. E. D., £2 2s.; Miss Loveday Hearle, 5s.; O. A. Shinner, 10s.; J. Dunn, £1; Miss Kennedy, 1s.; Jenny, 1s. 6d.; J. Blackwood, £1 1s.; C. Price, £2 2s.; A. Vickery, £2 2s.; H. A. Smith, £5; Mrs. P. C. H. Connop, £1; Countess Friend, 10s. 6d.; Miss M. McKay, 10s.; Mrs. C. H. Baker, 5s.; Col. and Mrs. Nepean, £3; Mrs. C. A. L., £1 2s. 6d.; H. A. Harris, £8 2s.; Mrs. and Miss Poles, £1 10s.; E. O. Whitehouse, 5s.; Anonymous, £1 1s.; W. Harter, £1 1s.; F. and F., 4s.; Mrs. Carter, 10s.; R. Peacock, 2s. 6d.; A. G. Thomas, 1s. 6d.; P. Accept, 9d.; C. Greening, 6d.; Joy M. Cave, 4s.; A. Wilkinson, 6d.; R. Preston, 2s. 6d.; H. W. Atkinson, £4 1s.; J. Landless, £1 1s.; Miss E. D. Dobson, £2 2s.; R. L. Powell, £2 2s.; J. Innes, £1; Mrs. Coles, £1; Miss H. Hesketh, £1; Mrs. Strachan, 10s.; Mrs. Young, £1; W. and F. H., £2 2s.; T. W. Willis, £2 2s.; E. E. E., £1 1s.; Mrs. M. Kitson, £1 1s.; A. Sands, £1; F. M. Good, 10s.; J. M. R., 2s. 3d.; A. Pocklington, £1 1s.; A. W. Pollard, £5; One who Won, 2s. 6d.; J. Lawrence, £5; Mrs. August, 10s.; Anonymous, £2 2s.; "Glory's Sake," £20; Sell Denial, 8s. 9d.; W. D. Seaton, 1s.; Miss Saunders, 5s.; Miss Hart, 10s.; Mrs. M. C. Don, £1; H. Fowler, £1 1s.; B. W., 6s.; E. M. E., £5; P. Neuville, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Carbery, 5s.; Anon., £1; M. Clarkson, £1 1s.; M. P. Rae, £1 1s.; Sir A. W. Wills, £5 5s.; O. D. P., £1 1s.; Miss Xenia Smith, £2 2s.; T. Livesey, £1; Mrs. A. Darch, £1; Mrs. Coulson, 5s.; Well Wisher, 5s.; W. O. Smith, 10s. 6d.; Sheila Dennison, £8 2s.; Mrs. T. W. Paton, £2 2s.; Goddard, 3s.; J. Proctor, 5s.; A. and M. Crookston, £1 1s.; Gordon Kenyon, £1 1s.; J. Mannors, £1 1s.; 2s. 6d.; Com. G. M. Marston, £2; J. Mannors, £1 1s.; C. E. D., 10s.; Miss H. M. Drake, £1; Mrs. Drake, £1 1s.; Mrs. F. A. S. Hoare, £8; M. Sleath, £1 1s.; Mrs. Blakemore, 1s. 6d.; Miss E. B. Pike, £1; O. G. M., £1; Mrs. M. Hughes, £1 1s.; W. H. Cooke, £2 2s.; F. P. L. Riche, £5; C. L. F. Boughy, £2 2s.; S. J. 1s.; Major J. Crabbe, £10; T. Caddington, 5s.; Miss L. Taylor, 2s.; Lord Langrathcock, £10; Blank (9), 1s.; M. B. Tiller, 3s.; Mrs. Howard, 10s. 6d.; H. Nye, 10s.; Mrs. Oscar Beringer, £1; Anonymous, £5; Major W. S. Boles, £2; J. White, 1s. 6d.; F. Eeles, £5; B. Mallegh, 10s.; W. H. Beck, 9d.; Mrs. H., 6d.; The New Kongree, 10s.; Puzzle, 4d.; Edinburg, 5s.; D. Cannon, 2s.; F. I. Neame, 5s.; D. W. Carlisle, 5s.; A. H. Gordon, £1; W. M., £2 2s.; M. P., £1 1s.; Lady Anderson, £2; L. M. N., 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Bedford, £1; Mrs. Maxwell Larmouth, £5 5s.; T. E. H., 2s.; A. Gillett, 9d.; T. F. Rider, £5 5s.; Mrs. Carr, £1; G. Nixon, 1s.; Bridges, 1s.; A. Student, 9d.; M. Mallins, 1s. 6d.; C. M., 3s. 8d.; E. S. Melville, £1; M. Crommelin, £1; Dr. H. S. Taylor, £1; E. C. Crowell, 7s. 6d.; Maple Leaf, 5s.; Miss Nancy Sternberg, £1 1s.; Four Nurses, 8s.; R. W. Packer, 4s. 1d.; Telegraph Pennies, J. W., 2s.

COLLECTED: Ship's Company, H.M.S. Essex, £10 10s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. Black Prince, £3 15s.; Mrs. Hurst, 3s.; On the H.M.S. Hibernal, per H. H., 11s.; Miss M. Flynn, 6s.; A. Kennedy Stone, of N., £6; Result of bazaar organised by Miss Benson, £12 12s.; C. L. M. Roxby, £1 5s.; The Neal family, £1; C. Sherriff, 2s.; Molly and Dick, 2s. 6d.; Phoenix, £1; A. Knox, £2 9s.; F. E. B. Mindanao, 14s. 9d.; V. P. Armitage, 2s. 6d.; Yorkshire Travellers, per R. W., £8 2s.; J. C. Gardiner, £1 10s.; Mrs. Sparrow, 2s. 6d.; A. Nelson Cole, 6s.; Girls' High School, Salisbury, £1; Miss Taylor, £1; Threepenny bits, 3s.; Mona and Bessie, 6s. 6d.; Annual whist drive at Harringay, arranged by J. Grinham, £13 3s. 6d.; Boys' School, Long Beach, 12s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £1,003 10s. 6d.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in the envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, May 23rd.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the gifts will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C. and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at *Pearson's Weekly Buildings*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"SHIP" CONTEST.

Subjects selected as the best in this contest, in which competitors were invited to tell what they would do if their ship comes home, were received from the following: H. K. Deacon, The First, Mottram Rd., Edgely; E. Eyre, Broomhill, Landford, Salisbury; Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Gt. Harwood; J. Maclean, 38 Andover St., Sheffield; J. R. Little, Clarendon St., Oxford.

"UNSUCCESS" CONTEST.

Contest readers were asked to draw an unsuccess of an unsuccessful competitor in no competitions. The prize of 5s. offered for the best drawing has been awarded to Miss H. 12 Princes St., Swindon, Wilts.

"FAVOURITE" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to describe in a pithy phrase their favourite, using the same initial letters as those of the name selected. The five watches for the best descriptions have been awarded by the following: H. S. Goodyer, 36 Villa Road, Woking; J. Harms, 28 Grasmere Rd., Woodbury; Miss B. E. Howarth, 235 Chorley Rd., D. C. Mackenzie, 81 Pollok St., Glasgow; and 34 Essex St., Levenshulme.

"CANARY" CONTEST.

The question asked was, "Why is a collier like a canary?" The replies selected as the best were received from the following, to whom five stylo pens have been awarded: A. P. Blue, jun., 114 Bothwell St., Glasgow; A. E. Halliday, 16 Darfield Ave., Leeds; Mrs. Leeson, 133 High St., Oldswinford, Stourbridge; Mrs. Nash, 135 Melfort Rd., Thornton Heath; G. H. Smith, 38 Edward St., Radcliffe.

"SMASH" CONTEST.

For the best sentences consisting of different words bearing the same sounds, five sealing-wax sets were offered. They have been awarded as follows: A. Britten, 11 Bennetts Hill, Birmingham; W. G. Evans, Llwynelyn, Bryncoch, Neath; J. Gibson, 18 Roumania St., Belfast; G. Jamieson, Woodstock, Colwyn Bay; C. Winckworth, 38 Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.

"HALIBUT" CONTEST.

The prize of a blue-bird brooch has been forwarded to each of the following ladies, who sent in the best replies to the question, "What is the difference between boiled halibut and a husband's late-at-night story": Miss M. Brennan, Ivy House, Cratloe, Co. Clare; Mrs. B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; Miss A. W. McKay, 107 Montgomery St., Edinburgh; Miss M. L. Mason, Goldsmith's Hall, E.C.; Mrs. F. Smith, 18 Pearl St., Carlisle, Batley.

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Monday, May 27.	M 5 15 19 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	May 17 ... 8.45
Tuesday, August 5.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	" 18 ... 8.40
Wednesday, December 25.	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	" 19 ... 8.47
Thursday, December 26.	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	" 20 ... 8.40
Friday, March 21.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	" 21 ... 8.50
Saturday, March 24.	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	" 22 ... 8.52
	S 4 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 13 20 27	S 10 17 24 31	" 23 ... 8.54

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